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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The session has been dull, depressing, and disappointing. It opened under the shadow of an overwhelming national loss; it closes in the shade of another national sorrow. The shadow of death, death in the Royal family, death in South Africa, has been over it from the beginning. The protraction of the war, with its long bills of mortality and so little to show for them, has robbed the proceedings of Parliament of public interest, except in so far as they turned on the cost of the war. Finance has been the real interest of the session; and we gladly recognise that in their finance the Government have come out far better than their record otherwise would have led one to expect. They did not waver over it nor shrink from introducing the Coal Tax; and the result was complete success. None of the national convulsions so freely predicted have come off; and the people have shown themselves ready to bear the burden of war and its cost with quite a fine cheerfulness. Apart from finance, the session has been hardly better than one long failure. The legislative record is nil; social reform has stood almost absolutely still, without any corresponding advance abroad or in national defence to compensate for the failure. The Chinese question has been settled by leaving everything of real importance unsettled; perhaps the most tangible set-off is that the Government did not give way to America over the Nicaragua Canal matter.

It would be idle to question that the general result of the session has been to deepen the impression of the Government's weakness. Doubtless they have had more than the usual parliamentary difficulties to contend with; but that is not the explanation of an unsatisfactory record. The recrudescence of Irish obstruction has been a marked feature of this session, making a score in the way of divisions hardly passed in any former year. It would almost seem as though restored independence of the English Liberal party had relieved the Irish members of a painful incubus, their spirits suddenly bounding up to boisterous point. It is not a happy turn of events for the House, particularly that the Government have allowed the Nationalist game of obstruction to be entirely successful. The comedy of the Liberal leadership has been played rather out of the House than in it. In the House the regular Opposition

has played an insignificant part, indeed, it has hardly played a part at all. Generally this year the House of Commons has been losing its influence, long since a waning force in the country.

Personally most members stand where they were. Mr. Brodrick has had great opportunities which he has not wholly thrown away. Mr. Wyndham has suffered almost total eclipse. Mr. Arnold-Forster has come well out of the ordeal of office, which, for one who had made his reputation entirely as a critic of an aggressive type, is a very trying one. On the other side Mr. John Redmond has more than sustained his reputation as an orator. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman as a leader has become an object merely of pity. Were there any homogeneous Opposition to lead, Mr. Asquith, it is now plain, would lead it. Amongst the younger Tories, there has been a kind of concentration under Lord Hugh Cecil, whom one can less easily conceive as a leader of "hooligans" than Mr. Winston Churchill. But the younger men have certainly made themselves felt in social reform matters. Amongst the new members, Captain Lee has made his mark. So much of the sessional work of the Peers is crowded into the last few hours, when few of them are there to do it, that it is safer to leave their record until next week.

It was right that opportunity should be given to the Government to justify the proclamation which Lord Kitchener published and sent to the Boer leaders last week. It was not quite straightforward of Sir William Harcourt to contend that it involved the destruction of the belligerent rights of the Boers in the field. The maintenance of the families of the Boers is an act of courtesy, as viewed in the strict light of international law. It is probable that the amount of our expenditure on these families is reckoned by the Boers in the field as one of the chief aids to the Boer cause. It is therefore right and reasonable that their expenses should be charged to the heads of the families who are prolonging the war beyond the period of hope, in order to mulct Britain in as heavy a sum as possible. Mr. Chamberlain was not quite so successful in carrying the House with him in the justification of the sentence of banishment. The argument that we shall have a perfect right after the war to banish people who are considered dangerous is not completely candid; for some at any rate of the Boer leaders are likely to become loyal citizens. It would have been wiser and more honest to lay emphasis on the leaders' own confession, read in the captured papers, that the war was hopeless and useless. To inflict death on his own friends and the enemy after this point is reached is a

crime, or at least a mistake, well worthy of life-long banishment.

Mr. Chamberlain's emphatic denial on Thursday of the report that Lord Kitchener would return to England in September must not be taken to mean that the military outlook in South Africa is altogether unsatisfactory. That Lord Kitchener will leave some time during the next three months is highly probable, but though he will necessarily require a holiday before going to India, he will not hand over the command to other hands until he has seen the full effect of his latest proclamation. Meantime he is straining every nerve to reduce the enemy in the field to impotence. His last weekly return was a record. No less than 829 Boers, killed, captured or surrendered were accounted for. So far therefore from the numbers disposed of getting fewer as the numbers in the field are lessened the contrary would seem to be the case.

Lord Kitchener's report was all the more welcome because his previous telegrams contained news of two reverses, one the capture of a post of Steinacker's Horse, the other the rushing of a blockhouse. The latter was notable as the first reverse inflicted on any of the blockhouses with which Lord Kitchener has dotted his lines of communication. The blockhouse system has not only proved effective as a safeguard to the railway but has created a zone within which the enemy have been practically powerless to operate. Sir Charles Dilke in his speech on Thursday described the situation in Cape Colony as worse than it was six months ago. That is not quite the fact. General French's operations are producing their effect. That energetic officer gives the enemy little breathing time and unofficial news shows that Kruitziuger and his companions are being severely handled. Even the Boer leaders in Europe are probably beginning to understand, as a pro-Boer informant of M. de Blowitz has just admitted, that the struggle is now hopeless.

The enthusiasm with which Mr. Chamberlain was listened to at Blenheim was astonishing. To the elector he still is the representative of that dominant feeling in the country which wavers between patriotism and jingoism. It is the greater pity that he encourages the worse development. With the most part of what he said we agree, but no more in a speech than in a poem can the form be separated from the matter. In the present state of feeling patriotic conceit requires repressing, not encouraging; but Mr. Chamberlain chose to speak of the resolute British throughout the world and other normal platitudes. Fresh thought, not electioneering tactics, is now wanted of our statesmen. He was wrong again to gird at the Liberal Imperialists. So long as they are Imperialists it is imperative for Mr. Chamberlain to recognise the common attribute in his creed and theirs and to be grateful that in spite of party they will work with him. If their position is not logical they have learned a lesson, which Mr. Chamberlain has still to get by heart, that partisanship is not a supreme motive.

Political garden parties such as that at Blenheim are typical of English life and fill a gap in the constitutional machine. (By the way it was lucky that it was not on the fête day itself, but the next morning, that the tent collapsed.) The environment and the names of the guests assure the notice of the world and the speakers, not always for the good of their reputations, are partly freed from the responsibility of a Parliamentary utterance. The occasion was deliberately used by Mr. Balfour to test the feelings of the public on the question of the Irish members. From every point of view Ireland is undoubtedly over-represented. It has 103 members while Scotland has 73, and to give one local instance 1,848 Irish voters in Newry have the same power as 33,556 English in Romford. Scotland England and, above all, London have a right to feel aggrieved. The only argument ever adduced in its favour was Mr. Gladstone's that the farther from the centre the fuller should be the representation. He called this the "centrifugal principle" and invented it, we are convinced, on the spur of the moment in the

middle of a speech. It certainly was not thought out. The change must some day be made, and judging by last session the sooner the better. But it is on mathematical not personal grounds that the alteration must be based. At the worst the Irish members are incomparable orators and useful nuisances.

Apparently that is not the view of the "Globe", to judge from its leading article headed "Irish Rowdies" which attacked the Irish members with a number of very Irish epithets and spoke of corruption in connection with Private Bills. Mr. Redmond on the following day moved that certain passages constituted a breach of privilege. After speeches from Mr. Balfour, Mr. Asquith and others the motion was unanimously carried and afterwards the House decided to call the Editor and Publisher before the Bar of the House. The decision, after the recent method of treating the "Daily Mail", was not logical and thus much injustice was done to the "Globe". The episode was completed on Friday afternoon when both the Editor and Publisher duly appeared before the Bar, bowed and apologised. They then retired; and after Mr. Redmond had urged that a more precise apology ought to be extracted they were recalled and reprimanded by the Speaker in a few dignified words. It is indeed advisable as Mr. Balfour suggested that "breach of privilege" should be more clearly interpreted and its treatment more sensibly adapted to the ways of latter-day criticism.

The Military and Naval Estimates Bill though of immense importance and concerned with the expenditure of as much as £43,000,000 was not one that could be profitably discussed in the Commons. Mr. Redmond's contrast of the expenditures on Ireland and on distant ports would have been beside the point, even if in Berehaven Ireland did not already possess the practical headquarters of a part of the fleet. The technical authorities consulted by the navy have asserted on strategic grounds that cannot be discussed the necessity of large expenditures of money on docks and coaling stations in Devonport, Portland, Portsmouth, the Medway, Malta, Gibraltar and Hongkong, and there is an end of the matter. When once the principle is granted, technical objections, like that of Mr. Gibson Bowles, are beside the mark; and this much of the principle no one denies, that the next great naval war will be won by coal. Moreover since France possesses such excellent repairing stations as Sfax, Biserta and others the importance of docks at Malta is greatly enhanced. On the Military Works Bill there might have been more discussion. Elaborate fortifications, especially for a great naval Power, are too often proved, in Matthew Arnold's phrase, "forts of folly."

The opposition to the royal title *Defensor Fidei* had some historical excuse. It is logically anomalous that a King who must by the laws of the Constitution be Protestant should carry a title conferred by the Pope on a previous King for his work on behalf of Roman Catholicism. It is idle to argue that Henry VIII. freed England from the supremacy of the Pope; the argument for retaining the title as Mr. Balfour pointed out does not lie altogether in the hands of the historians. The phrase has no practical ambiguity as it stands and comes to us with a savour of inherited dignity which no new substitute could supply. Mr. Balfour went too far in concession when he said that if we had to begin again we should do differently. The title held by a long succession of English monarchs asserts the continuity of the Church through the Reformation and the lasting unity of Church and State; and in this respect is valuable. It is only a precisian, which derivatively was only a synonym for the Puritan, who should insist on the doctrinal flaw in its derivation; yet it was the Roman Catholic members who showed themselves the purists.

The pageantry of a royal funeral will always appeal largely to public sentiment; but when the Empress Frederick was buried beside her husband at Potsdam there was more than æsthetic grief among the German and British mourners. The State ceremonial and the number of memorial services are not in themselves any test of popular affection or of respect for the royal dead,

but for the Empress Frederick the world was genuinely sorry. She was a brave and strong woman and suffered much pain. The King and Queen were representatives of the British people as well as private mourners, and this sad association with the German Emperor twice in the same year has been appreciated with real sympathy by the two nations. The Empress Frederick loved the two nations and the presence at the funeral of the sovereigns of both was felt as a fitting emblem of her desire in life.

That the Duke of Cornwall's arrival in Natal would be the signal for an outburst of loyal enthusiasm was among those things which are called foregone conclusions. A Colony which has sacrificed so much in the cause of the Empire was not likely to fall short of Australia and New Zealand in the cordiality of its welcome to the Heir to the Throne. The Duke, for his part, remains prompt to take the occasion afforded by such demonstrations for closing up the Empire. He is, fortunately or unfortunately as the case may be, heavily handicapped by constitutional propriety, and has to confine himself to putting more or less platitudinous observations into as graceful and sympathetic a form as they can take. He can seldom say all he feels. When he referred to "the lamentable struggle which is unhappily not yet ended", his mind must have reverted to the circumstances in which he left South Africa after his visit twenty years ago. Majuba had just sent a thrill (or a tremor) through the Empire, and there were many who believed that it would sound the knell of British supremacy in South Africa. How much ground there was to justify lugubrious prophecy has been shown by the events to which the Duke has made allusion in more than one speech in response to the addresses presented to him in Durban and Pietermaritzburg.

This week should be celebrated, if the public took any intelligent interest in China, as the anniversary of the relief of the Legations in Peking. People have forgotten that the whole episode was an almost unexampled instance of international treachery, and the unhappy wrappings of bickering Powers to deal with Chinese evasiveness have obscured the scandal of the original outrage. It is true that in a few days the agreement will be signed by which China is to pay an oppressive fine; but the most commercial nation can scarcely consider this an act of appropriate justice. On the side of China the fine will be extracted from the guiltless and will constitute a fresh form of income to the guilty. The prosperity of the country will suffer, while the prosperity of its speculators will be enhanced. On the side of the Powers what profit there is chiefly goes to a country which has shown spasmodic cruelty and unwavering greed. Such are the results of Western diplomacy in its contact with Eastern suavity.

Yet some people are pleased. Lord Lansdowne is officially pleased, and Count von Waldersee who has returned from his mission of avowed vengeance has been making enthusiastic speeches beyond precedent. It is a good sign that the German press is beginning to treat him caustically. Count von Waldersee was generally accepted as commander-in-chief from want of any other proposal. After a short experience of obedience most of the other troops in China decided that it was best in practice to disregard his claims; but our English officers were admirably loyal throughout to the foolish arrangement. By way of showing his appreciation of this loyalty Count von Waldersee, with a tact that could only be found in a man who is more a diplomat than a soldier, has been telling his German audiences that Germany has gained the reputation which other nations have lost. It is granted that Count von Waldersee had a difficult position, but neither as diplomatist nor soldier did he gain a single marked success. The most significant feature of his welcome home is his decoration by the Russian Government with their highest order. It is to be feared that Count von Waldersee has thoroughly deserved the recognition.

The Blue Book issued on Thursday night gives a very enlightening account of the diplomatic negotiations

between the Powers and China and Russia as to Russia's claims in Manchuria. On 15 January the Chinese Minister in London denied to Lord Lansdowne that China had made any agreement with Russia regarding Manchuria; but in the following month the Consul-General at Hankow telegraphed the terms of an agreement that had been arrived at much earlier between China and Russia, and Russia was already pressing for the signature. The twelve provisions of this agreement are little less than insolent, and would have inevitably entailed the absolute predominance of Russian authority in Manchuria. Count Lamsdorff at first refused to confess that the terms of the agreement as told in summary by the Viceroy to our Consul-General were identical with the actual provisions. Then in the manner in which Russian diplomatists excel he tried to explain that the agreement merely contained a temporary measure which would cease to be effective after the completion of the Manchurian railway. In March, just before the time limit for signing the agreement expired, the Chinese Emperor appealed for help to the British Government and after long negotiations, in which Lord Lansdowne showed both firmness and much diplomatic tact, the Russian Minister handed in a memorandum at the Foreign Office unreservedly withdrawing the agreement on the ground that "instead of serving as manifest proof of the amicable sentiments of Russia towards China" it might "occasion great difficulties for the latter".

It is curious that the interest of the Continent in South American politics should have been aroused by so slight an episode as the difference between Colombia and Venezuela, when it has utterly disregarded more serious indications of the coming struggle. America, not unnaturally, has sent a warship ostensibly to protect American citizens. The continental Press, especially the French Press, has seized upon this fact as a sign of the Anglo-Saxon conspiracy. The fears are in a one-sided sense true, but the French Press at any rate has failed to see that British interests are threatened at least as seriously as French or German by the extension of the Monroe doctrine. Whether this single American ship is or is not a menace, the time will come when the outrageous principle, by which South America on grounds of "geographical gravitation" is claimed as exclusively American, will produce a deadlock between the European and American Governments. Germany will not surrender her legitimate claims to expansion in South America nor will Spain nor France nor Britain. So though this little squabble and this little question of the solitary American ship will be soon forgotten, it is to be hoped that Europe will not forget the end towards which American policy is steadily making.

Signor Crispi's life began in an age when there were still political intriguers who wore false beards and hid secret documents in the interior of poultry. He was a conspirator from youth—in Italy, in Malta, in Paris and in London; and even when he had become the favoured minister of his country's King, he never quite lost the savour of his republican days of conspiracy. Scandals, both romantic and financial, gathered round his fame, and the masterful egoism of his character, increasing as he grew old, spoiled the purity of his patriotism. Yet in his own way he was a patriot, and from his intimate association with greater men, with Cavour, Mazzini and Garibaldi, he will be long remembered in Italy. As a serious politician he was spoiled by a species of megalomania and found to his overthrow that it needed more than battles in Abyssinia and insults to France to raise his weakened country to the full level of "the Powers".

The exhibition at the Crystal Palace of goods made in co-operative workshops claims the interest belonging to all that concerns genuine co-operative work. As many as 153 productive societies were represented and their yearly output is estimated at the value of £2,725,934. But considering the enormous success of shops and stores which use the word "co-operative" chiefly as a bait for the moneyed shareholder it is surprising that co-operation has fallen so short of its first promise. Capital is of course the first essential to

every commercial undertaking, but it is manifestly just and good that the greater part of the capital should consist in the actual work of the labourers. This principle gives the labourer added interest and dignity, it ensures the automatic payment of a proper wage and fills the place of the abused capitalist with a host of contented folk. What is required is vigour of organisation and in one much neglected department, that of co-operative agriculture, some imagination and freedom from jealousy. At the conference held in connexion with the exhibition Mr. Treadgill did well to insist on the supreme importance in the larger co-operative businesses of acquiring and paying for managers with organising ability. Several societies have lately collapsed solely owing to the neglect of this branch of business.

The extreme indignation, necessarily aroused by the ruffianly attack on Lady Carson, will probably show itself in demands for more severity in punishment. It is quite natural for resentment, and a perfectly healthy resentment, to take that form; for even righteous anger is a kind of madness and would do that which calmer moments will reject. There can be no going back now to brutality in punishment; that would but convert ruffians into scoundrels and desperadoes. It is not more severity that is wanted; but increased police vigilance. None of the roughs of this type would commit assaults, if they thought there was much risk of being caught. Make bad conduct difficult, its consequences certain, and offenders will soon get fewer; let the punishment of those that are caught be reforming as much as frightening and they will become fewer still.

Mr. Kipling's "Lesson" has evidently made our Poet Laureate tremble for his supremacy. So he comes out post-haste with something, we really do not know what to call it, addressed to England. It was necessary to out-jingo Mr. Kipling, so Mr. Austin makes the Deity appoint us trustees for the welfare of the whole world. This assumption of familiarity with the Divine plans is a most offensive form of profanity; it is a great pity we have not a Byron to castigate it, as he castigated Southey's somewhat similar "at home-ness" in Heaven in the "Vision of Judgment". But if the sentiment was equally offensive, Southey at any rate expressed it in good English, if not in poetry. He was a real man of letters. Wordsworth and Tennyson left the doubt whether any *could* hold the Laureateship after them; Mr. Austin leaves the doubt whether any *would*.

The past week on the Stock Exchange has been marked by a general all-round advance in prices. The proclamation by Lord Kitchener was regarded as a "bull" point and the Funds have shown a steady improvement. Home Rails have recovered on balance, having shown some intermediate irregularity. The general settlement passed off quietly and substantial improvement in American Railway shares has been registered during the past few days. The ultimate outcome of the steel-workers' strike is regarded as a certain victory for the Trusts and cheap money in New York with a low exchange have combined to give strength to the market in Wall Street: on this side however the dealings at present are generally of a progressive nature. There are signs of impending activity in the Kaffir market and the higher-priced shares have marked an advance during the week. Should the effect of Lord Kitchener's proclamation be as satisfactory as the Government anticipate, the improvement in prices will doubtless be sustained. So many disappointments have been experienced however that it is impossible to forecast the course of the South African market with any degree of certainty; the public are very chary of buying shares, although there are many cheap investments both in Kaffir and Rhodesian companies. The Bank return of Thursday exhibited an increase of £1,688,300 in the Reserve and the resultant of the various changes in the statement was an increase in the proportion to 51 per cent. as against 49½ last week. Consols 94½. Bank Rate 3 per cent. (13 June, 1901).

THE PROCLAMATION AND THE GOVERNMENT.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN denies that the strongest and most sensible step taken by the Government since the occupation of Pretoria was not their own idea but that of the Natal Ministry. He says that the proclamation was with one exception in print before he received the telegram addressed to the Colonial Secretary on 24 July by Sir Henry McCallum, the Governor of Natal. Imperial and Colonial Ministers came to the same conclusion at the same time in almost the same words. The Natal Ministers, through His Excellency, point out the disastrous effects to the colony of "the protracted continuance of hostilities", and "under these circumstances Ministers advocate sterner measures to crush present guerilla warfare. They point out that Boers still fighting have little to lose, that their women and children are protected and well treated and that their farms are safe from confiscation; therefore Boers free from anxiety are encouraged to continue in the field, growing accustomed to life of pillage and looting, and communicate frequently with refugee camps which thus are sources of danger. Those who are not rebels know that if captured they will be treated as prisoners of war and released at the conclusion of hostilities". We have not read so true and pointed a statement of facts compressed into so small a space before; indeed it is only a telegraphic précis of what everybody has been saying for the last six months; and we should imagine it is pretty much what Lord Kitchener has been writing to the Secretary for War. Sir Henry McCallum's cable continues: "Ministers believe that excellent effect would be produced if it were made generally known that if burghers now in the field do not surrender by given date, say within one month, cost of maintenance of women and children will be chargeable against immovable property of burghers in the field; also that Boer generals and leaders in the field should be informed that unless they and their commandos surrender by date specified they will be banished from South Africa for life, when captured". This suggestion as to the cost of the maintenance of burgher families at any rate is admitted to have come from Natal, and it is vital. On 30 July the Colonial Secretary cabled to Lord Kitchener, to whom a copy of the Natal Minute had already been sent by Sir Henry McCallum, the draft of a proclamation which he would be instructed to issue as soon as he had obtained the concurrence of the Governments of the Cape and Natal, a precaution which was surely superfluous, at all events in regard to the latter body. The Proclamation, when it appeared a week later, was in terms the recommendation of the Natal Ministers preceded by the solemn preamble concocted in Downing Street. Not that we undervalue the preamble: it is an announcement to the world at large, couched in the grave and resolute language of an Imperial power. But we do say that the Government of the Empire, which drafted that preamble, ought to have had the courage to do earlier what to all appearances it was induced to do only by the prompting of one of the smallest of our colonies.

"The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart goes all decorum."

It remains to consider the probable effect of the Proclamation upon the situation in South Africa, and its actual effect upon the public mind at home. We have so often been cheated before that the expression of beliefs, or rather hopes, is just a little fatuous. Nevertheless we are convinced that the Proclamation will bring about the practical termination of hostilities, if not on the 15 September, on a date not very much more remote. It may be suspected that the commanders in the field are more anxious than anybody else for a pretext to surrender, which is the chief value of the threat of perpetual banishment, for it cannot be supposed that either Botha or De Wet would care to remain in the Transvaal under Lord Milner. We always thought that Mrs. Botha's voyage to the Hague was the beginning of the end, and that its first object was to extort if possible an acceptance of the inevitable from Mr. Kruger, for the

sake of form, and that its second more real, if more prosaic, object was to prepare a home for her husband in that comfortable corner of Europe. Mrs. Botha has failed in her first object, (for Mr. Kruger sees no objection to his countrymen being hunted and starved while he is spending the Uitlander's gold in Holland), but possibly she is quietly proceeding with her second. Many people argue that even if Louis Botha did surrender, there would still remain a number of burghers in the field large enough to paralyse the prosperity of the country. And that is where the value of the other half of the Natal Ministers' policy comes in. The charging of the cost of keeping their families upon their farms and property in towns is bound to have a sobering effect upon such belligerents as are substantial citizens, though we do not quite see how the money is to be recovered. Confiscation would have been simpler, more effective, and, in our judgment, more than justified. It is always well however to keep something in reserve: and should the Proclamation fail of its effect, confiscation can then be resorted to. Apart from the Proclamation there are other reasons why the fighting cannot last much longer. As we know to our cost, men in the field require ammunition, clothes, boots, and food. The Boers have been living almost entirely on the capture of our convoys: but as "regrettable incidents" become rarer, hunger, cold, and want of cartridges must do their work. When the end does come, we trust that the Government will not be entirely absorbed by the care of our new Boer subjects, and that they will have a little attention to spare for our own soldiers. The army in South Africa of course will be largely reduced at once: but the War Office authorities should be at the pains—and it is only a question of trouble—to change the regiments or the battalions on as large a scale as possible, so as to relieve troops by this time thoroughly stale.

Of the stimulating effect of the Proclamation upon the British nation it is impossible to doubt. It is reflected in the rising prices of securities on the Stock Exchange, in the buoyancy of the speeches at the Unionist demonstration at Blenheim, and in the enthusiasm with which those speeches were received by the vast assemblage of men and women drawn from all parts of England. Mr. Chamberlain did not overrate the probable effects of the Proclamation in his speech on the Appropriation Bill. It was remarkable that both Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain at Blenheim struck the same note of serious warning to the "predominant partner" as to the behaviour of the Irish members in the House of Commons. It is astonishing that a really clever people like the Irish can have committed so capital an error, from a Home Rule point of view, as their open sympathy with the Boers and their indecent exultation over the reverses of British arms. If the Irish members, instead of pouring forth a stream of sour and nasty treason, which soils though it cannot interrupt the current of events, had taken up an attitude of dignified sympathy and patriotism, they would have struck a more deadly blow at the legislative unity of these islands than ever came from O'Connell or the Clan-na-Gael or Parnell. Everything would have been forgiven to those who shared our griefs and joys in South Africa. Now, the one thing certain is that the representation of Ireland in the House of Commons will be reduced by some one-third at the earliest opportunity. Mr. Chamberlain hinted as much in his speech, and what Mr. Chamberlain thinks to-day England and Scotland are very apt to think to-morrow. It is almost inconceivable that men with the brains of Mr. John Redmond and Mr. Dillon should have so effectually contributed to the ruin of their cause. Naturally the Unionists do not repine at the gross folly of the Irish Nationalists. For not the least beneficial among the results of the war will be the permanent and hopeless exclusion from all share in government of Irish Separatists and their Scotch and English sympathisers.

CRISPI'S CAREER.

TALLEYRAND'S famous phrase on the death of the great Napoleon may be applied to the disappearance of Francesco Crispi. "It is no longer an event, it is a piece of news." Even as a newspaper

item it has aroused only a languid interest in this country. France, it is true, looks at the matter with other eyes, but then France has other and good reasons for taking an interest in the career of the departed politician. England has extended all, or more than all, the indulgence it deserved to the life of the surviving hero of the *Risorgimento*, a period at which no Englishman will ever be tempted to look back, save through a haze of sentiment which not infrequently distorts while it softens the outlines of the principal events. Among the actors on that romantic scene none was more audacious, more active or less scrupulous than Crispi, and when we remember that the astonishing expedition to Sicily was due perhaps more to his initiative than to any other's, we may add few were more distinctly successful as men of action. It is when we come to regard him as the statesman and he stands under the dry light beating upon the European arena that his figure shrinks lamentably from the heroic stature which romance would lend. When he fled for his life through by-streets after the catastrophe of Adowa with the shouts of "Morte a Crispi" ringing in his ears was he a martyr to a great idea, suffering for the errors of others, and even, as has been represented, chivalrously adopting as his own the mistakes of the Crown, or was he merely a detected schemer meeting with the doom he richly deserved? In the case of many statesmen such questions could not be answered so near the period of their active life, in very few cases can such questions be ever safely answered by a mere yes or no, but in the case of Crispi a reply need hardly wait for the distant revelations of history.

It is easy to forget that the gap between Crispi the conspirator and Crispi the statesman is a wide one in point of time. It was not until 1887 that he became a member of an Italian Ministry. This may or may not have been due to bad luck. It was not due to lack of ability or a statesmanlike sense of the real facts of the political situation. Long since he had openly abandoned the Republican creed as inadequate for the needs of Italy and had accepted the Monarchy as dividing Italians least. He earned thereby the hatred of the larger number of his old allies and did not acquire the confidence of the monarch. It is easy to represent this attitude of the Court as due to meaner motives, but it is also fair to ask how far it was justified by the event? It is true that whatever Crispi attained he owed to his great abilities, but what, when he held supreme power, did he achieve for Italy? We fear the answer must be absolutely nothing. Both within and without she suffered for his supremacy. But it is only fair to remember that he was not the engineer of the political construction with which he is usually credited. The true charge against him with regard to the Triplice is of a different character. It was Depretis who in 1882 acceded to the Treaty of Vienna. For some years Crispi was its bitterest opponent. He charged the Prime Minister with making himself "the policeman of Germany" and he was even preparing a formidable and probably fatal attack upon the Depretis Cabinet, which was only averted by the offer of the portfolio of the Interior to this implacable antagonist. In a few hours the enemy of five years' standing was convinced that the Alliance was not what he had thought it, it "was purely defensive" and therefore deserved his support. Probably even Italian politics have rarely seen so sudden or so inexplicable a volte-face. Explicable it was on only one ground, the hunger for power engendered by years of exclusion. There was nothing to justify Crispi's earlier attitude in the conduct of the former Italian Minister who had done his best to make the alliance with Germany as little odious to France as possible. It was the new convert himself who embittered the relations of the two countries beyond any point they had reached under his predecessors. When he had superseded Depretis he took those steps which give to the relations of Italy and France that irreconcilable attitude which they wore for so long and only now are beginning to lose. Placed at the head of affairs he would pose as the repository of Bismarck's secrets and affected to sway with him the destinies of a submissive Europe. It may be that the great man disliked and distrusted his

effusive understudy but at any rate he found it useful to have his co-operation in widening the breach between the two Latin neighbours. In taking up this position Crispi, it is true, put himself at the head of the growing popular sentiment in Italy which was inflamed against France by various incidents that wise statesmanship would have minimised, but he preferred to ingratiate himself with Court and populace by taking a line which belied the whole of his previous history and opened up an era of meddlesome foreign policy which has been a curse to Italy and from which her wisest sons to-day would fain see her retreat. It was the good sense of King Humbert which prevented his attending the German manœuvres at Strassburg, an adventure into which the violence of his Prime Minister would have pushed him, but the wild panic over the imaginary French raid on Spezzia was probably the genuine delusion of a mind with which French hostility had become a veritable obsession.

The persistent exploitation of the French bogey and the consequent resentment aroused in France launched Italy into expenditure which was never contemplated by the originators of the German alliance and this was increased by the miserable colonial policy for which, in its inception, Crispi was not responsible. It was Depretis who in 1882 agreed to work with Gladstone in Egypt. The unhappy extension of this policy into Abyssinia Crispi was wise enough to disapprove but had not the courage to risk his office by checking it. We do not defend the policy of this country with regard to Italy in the Mediterranean, we were in some measure responsible for the aggressions of France in Tunis. We encouraged, if we did not actually suggest, them and we failed to give Italy the help she might have expected in Abyssinia considering our close relations in the Mediterranean. Undoubtedly the final fall of Crispi was due not to his own fault alone, but that is a tragic note rarely absent in the collapse of a great reputation. Fate not infrequently avenges wrongdoing indirectly but we cannot look upon the hopeless ruin of 1896 as other than a just visitation for previous political error if no worse; and mistakes in politics are often more severely punished than crimes.

It is not for us to criticise the attitude which Italian society thought fit to assume towards the private conduct of the deceased statesman. We may doubt if the general tone of morality among his contemporaries was such as to justify them in their ostentatious disapproval, but it must be remembered that the proceedings of their rival were also ostentatious and his position brought him and his belongings into close relations with royal ladies who have been rightly respected for their own rigid adherence to a high moral standard. With regard to the Church, Crispi had earned her hostility on political grounds and they were foes that gave no quarter to one another. History has yet to decide whether the line he took here was any more for the ultimate good of his country than that he pursued abroad. If he erred in that quarter, he erred excusably for an old revolutionary in seeing in Rome the inevitable capital for United Italy. His condemnation by history will be due to the fact that, though gifted far beyond his rivals, he deliberately adopted their policy, though he saw it to be wrong. He did nothing to relieve his country from the pests which are sapping her vitality, but pushed her forward on the course of extravagance and disaster which bid fair to overwhelm both individuals and nation in a common ruin. Two cynical remarks of his own recorded by one biographer explain his ultimate failure. "The promises and programmes of an electoral campaign count for nothing" and "One looks at things differently from below and from the top". Cynicism never made even a career, much less saved a nation. Crispi was never really anything better than a successful conspirator.

THE ADVANCE OF CANADA.

THE Statistical Year Book of Canada for 1900 has just been published. It hardly bears out the proverbial view that statistics can be made to prove anything. It contains six hundred pages of figures, which should be ample for the purposes of statistical jugglery

but, regard them how we will, one great fact and one only emerges. They are a record of progress which is all the more real because it is not sensational. Since the birth of Canadian nationhood in 1867, British North America has gone steadily forward, and though the more extravagant anticipations of its friends have not been realised, there has never been a moment when the greatness of its destiny was in doubt. The Dominion Government, whether under a Macdonald or a Laurier, has deliberately set its course with a view to enhancing the importance of Canada as a component unit of the British Empire. In the hour of peace Canada has left no stone unturned which might promote her domestic business; in the hour of strife she has ever ranged herself promptly on the side of the Mother Country. Every possession of the British crown to-day would wish to be its brightest jewel, a coruscation only the brighter for the shadow of South Africa. In the main the colonies understand that the best way to serve the Empire is to serve themselves, just as the Empire after a period of travail learned that the best way to serve itself was to serve the colonies. Hence, since wisdom in its colonial dealings entered the portals of Downing Street, there has been witnessed that progress, both in material matters and in loyalty to the Empire, which was the distinguishing feature of the reign of Queen Victoria, and was nowhere more marked than in Canada. As a matter of fact Canada has been easily first in affording evidence of loyalty. As far back as Crimean days she was prepared to send her sons to die in any cause espoused by England, and it was Canada which took the lead in the adoption of a preferential tariff in favour of the Mother Country. Britons at home would be strangely lacking if they were not interested in all that affects Canadian development. If the disproportionate number of emigrants who find their way to the United States seems to suggest that for the average Briton the Republic has more attractions than the Dominion, the answer can only be that the majority of emigrants are not good Britons at all. Nor are individual preferences a safe guide to national sentiments. Otherwise the United States would be the best friend Great Britain has.

Canadian statesmen have never attempted to deny that their loyalty is based on self-interest. If, however, their gratitude to Great Britain is in part a sense of favours to come, it is also induced by consciousness of favours received. When we acknowledge the efforts which Canada has made to promote trade with the Mother Country, we do not forget that hitherto Canada has bought chiefly in the United States market and sold chiefly in the English. The import and export returns since 1867 are far from being a satisfactory study for Englishmen, who have been called upon for so many years to provide practically the whole cost of Imperial defence. In 1868 Canadian imports and exports were valued at 73,459,644 dollars and 57,567,888 dollars, respectively; in 1900 the imports were valued at 189,622,513 dollars and the exports at 191,894,723. Of this immense increase in business, not Great Britain but the United States enjoyed the more advantage. In 1868, Canada bought from the Mother Country rather less than 37,000,000 dollars' worth of goods; in 1900 rather less than 45 million dollars' worth—an advance of some 8,000,000 dollars in a third of a century. The United States in 1868 sold goods to Canada valued at a little more than 26,000,000 dollars; in 1900, nearly 110,000,000 dollars' worth—an advance of 84 millions or more than four times the amount of the earlier year. This discrepancy becomes all the more remarkable when we glance at Canadian exports. Did the United States return the compliment? Let the figures speak for themselves. In 1868, the States took over 25,000,000 dollars' worth of goods from over the border; in 1900, her purchases had reached nearly 60,000,000, a considerable advance, truly, but not equal to that which Canada showed in buying from the States, and altogether disproportionate when placed side by side with the British figures. In 1868, Great Britain bought of Canada little short of 20,000,000 dollars' worth of goods; in 1900, 96,500,000 dollars' worth, or nearly five times as much. In a word, while Great Britain every year was be-

coming a better customer of Canada, Canada was becoming a better customer of the United States and not of Great Britain. The explanation is not very difficult to find. Canada has largely been denied the American market and has been driven more and more to find a customer in England. The McKinley tariff struck a blow at her trade which was intended to coerce her into an economic arrangement to the detriment of all outside the American Continent. So far from bringing her to her knees, it drove her to take a course which should have been taken from the first, but was impossible owing to the absurd commercial compacts denounced three years ago which prevented the Mother Country from accepting benefits from the Colonies unless Belgium and Germany participated. That the preferential tariff will be a boon to British traders cannot be doubted, though it will probably be years before much of the leeway can be made up. If the preference comes late in the day the fault rests not with the Dominion but with the economic bigots who insisted on the adoption and maintenance by the Mother Country of an unnatural fiscal system.

Even in these days when there are no open advocates of disintegration it is not generally recognised how gigantic an Imperial asset we have in the Canadian dominion. Mr. Chamberlain once seriously annoyed the German press by airily mentioning the fact that Germany was a smaller country than Queensland, a mere British Colony. It is a similar source of irritation to the United States to be reminded that Dominion territory is greater than that of the Republic, and that Canada contains within her borders everything that can tend to make a great nation. Within her four millions of square miles are vast mineral and agricultural resources which, as the population increases, should enable her to develop considerable business in both manufactures and produce. The coal area of Canada is estimated to cover not less than 97,200 square miles, and the measures of Nova Scotia alone probably contain not less than 7,000,000,000 tons. The forests of Canada supply the pulp from which many of the American journals get their paper—a source of profit to Canada but a doubtful boon to civilisation. For agricultural purposes land has been set out for settlement sufficient to provide employment for an agricultural population of two and a-half millions, and innumerable millions of acres await but the appearance of the settler. Irrigation works have been advanced so that large tracts of Assiniboia and Alberta, hitherto of fitful prosperity owing to climatic influences, are now placed beyond dependence on nature's vagaries. The Canadian North-West is capable of becoming the granary of the Empire. If we were to impose a tax on foreign produce, in the course of a year or two Canada would supply us with sufficient corn to prevent any increase in the price of bread. In her valuable fisheries she has an opportunity of creating an Imperial naval reserve, and her main railroad is an important Imperial highway. Of the military material latent in the Dominion, Paardeberg and other, if less, historic fields in South Africa have supplied splendid proof. The opportunities and the material for Imperial service are indeed as patent as Canadian loyalty itself. It would be an insult to Canadian intelligence and to the memory of the Empire Loyalists to imagine that the Republic will either coerce or cajole the Canadians to surrender their birthright. Canada would lose much and gain little by absorption in the United States. That is better understood in Ottawa than in London. The bitterness of some Americans when they discuss the Canadian question is easy to understand. What they could not do by force of arms ninety years ago they have failed to accomplish by fiscal expedients in later times and all they have achieved has been their own discomfiture.

THE FACTORY DEBATES AND THEIR MORAL.

WITH the profound political capacity popularly ascribed to the average Englishman, since Green's "Short History" became with the crowd the authorised version of this country's story, the public has fastened on the Government defeat in the matter of the Lancashire Saturday half holiday as the salient

point in the Commons' debates on the Factory Bill. As a fact, that defeat had no significance whatever politically, and arose out of a question of very small importance industrially. The laundry question on the other hand and its treatment by the Government is full of very grave significance both industrially and politically. The half holiday matter was merely a question whether closing time at the mills on Saturday should be 12 noon or one o'clock. Of course, the old story was told once more on both sides; the employers would be ruined, if the extra hour were conceded; the hands would be destroyed by over-work, if it were not. Not unnaturally one is getting rather suspicious now about over-work, there is at least as great a danger of under-work in most departments of industry; and one's sympathy might rather be with the millowners in this matter, did not they so ridiculously exaggerate the disasters that are to follow reduction of hours. Those disasters have been predicted so long that now nobody marks their prophets. The workpeople wanted a half holiday rounded off to the six hours, beginning at six and ending at noon. There is doubtless a symmetry about the arrangement that has its attractions. Certainly few engaged in other lines of business are entitled to carp at a six hours half day; for their own Saturday quota would probably come to less. Most City clerks certainly do not give their masters six hours on Saturdays. On the whole it was perhaps hardly worth while for the Government to hold out against the hour's concession, though they were beaten solely by the interested votes of Lancashire members, who feared the local more than the Government whip. What a pity the Government never can show a similar resolution and independence of the division list, when there is anything worth being resolute about, and when independence would gain its end. There is a futility about incurring all the ignominy of failure where it is not worth while to succeed, but never risking anything for success where it would be an honour to have tried and failed. Had Ministers stiffened their backs over the Education Bill, the Royal Declaration, and now the Inspection of Laundries, taking their chance of obstruction, they would have exposed the opposition and won the country's respect even if in the end they had had to give up owing to lapse of time, an unlikely hypothesis.

Mr. Ritchie is fully persuaded, with virtually all who have impartially examined the matter, that it is most desirable that laundries should be brought within the operation of the Factory Acts, and be regularly inspected by Government officials. If we think only for a moment, it becomes almost strikingly plain that laundries are among the very fittest subjects for inspection. The public interest from the point of view of disease and infection requires it; the worker's interest in the matter of heat, ventilation, and crowding requires it; the proprietor's interest demands it as a safeguard against unfair competition. Possibly some of us may think that it would not be a bad thing if the inspectors had an eye at the same time to the protection of the shirts and other linen washed. In fact there was never any case against the inclusion of laundries in the Factory Acts; there was only the plea which is good against every such Act that has ever been passed that it bears hardly on individuals. Nor can we see any real exception in the case of charitable and conventual laundries. The Anglican institutions have indeed got over their objections. The Roman Catholics, at least in Ireland, still hold out.

No one who reads this REVIEW will accuse it of prejudice against the Roman Church. We have no kind of animus against convents or the conventual system. We scent no scandal in their management, we suspect no horrors in their discipline. Indeed, we have no doubt that these religious sisters are better employers and better governesses, in the full and proper sense of that term, than are the proprietors of commercial laundries. We cannot imagine a worse way to set about allaying Roman Catholics' susceptibility and converting them to the desirability of Government inspection than to insinuate scandal and suggest horror in the manner of Mr. H. J. Tennant in the House on Tuesday. Mr. Tennant is so disinterested and so hard a worker in the cause of industrial reform that we can but greatly

regret the intemperate advocacy which led him to import into the debate a tone which might easily be mistaken for religious intolerance. We cannot wonder at the resentment of the Irish members. The case for the inspection of conventual laundries does not require the assistance of scandalous stories. That there are accidents in these laundries and that in some of them the conditions of labour are bad is, of course, true. That is to say they are in the same category with other laundries; which is the whole case for inspection. It is required for them as for all such institutions. Their religious nature and particular disciplinary system undoubtedly may require particular consideration in the method of inspection and the choice of inspectors; maybe they should only be lady inspectors. No one would deny any such provision. Both Mr. Asquith and Mr. Ritchie are willing to make all reasonable concessions. Indeed, such concessions granted, there is so little reason why these institutions should resent inspection that we must take leave to say that the organised opposition of the Irish Nationalists points to a political motive. Frankly we do not believe in its religious impulse.

It is because the opposition was political that the Government had no excuse for surrendering to it. That Mr. Asquith in his time may have been as bad does not make this Government any better. What is that to us? Truly Ministers, if they are not what Sir John Stirling Maxwell said of them in his haste, are the reverse of valiant. Unfortunately independent supporters of inspection have as little courage as they. Opinion in the House of Lords was preponderatingly against the exclusion of the laundries clause. Lord Rosebery, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Rochester, the Duke of Northumberland and others made strong speeches; but what did they do? They had not the pluck so much as to take a division. There is no doubt the Government would have been beaten; and as Mr. Ritchie had made no "compact" with the Irish, he could have let the House and his party take its own course. The Lords' amendment would have been accepted, and all laundries made subject to inspection.

It is strange that Ministers do not see the moral of their course of conduct right through this session. Do they not understand that obstruction is made by yielding to it? The mere threat has been enough to frighten the Government into dropping every Bill obstruction was to defeat. Is not that simply inviting obstruction in the future? The Government have shown their opponents, sometimes Nationalist sometimes Radical, that obstruction pays. Had they in this very instance insisted on carrying their Bill, the laundry clause in its entirety included, they would have put the Nationalists in a most dangerous political position. By opposing the laundry clause the Irish would have closed up the regular Opposition and the Ministerialists. By obstructing clause by clause the whole Factory Consolidation Bill, they would have put themselves in the sharpest antagonism to the trades unions, in fact the whole labour population of England and Scotland, and to some of the best opinion in Ireland. The Government in holding out would have occupied an unassailable position. The whole English people would have been with them; they could face the country with the consciousness that they had been strong and right. The result would have been as bad for Nationalist prospects as good for the Government's prestige.

AMERICAN RAILWAY DEVELOPMENT.

II.—CANADA.

THE first line in Canada was that opened in 1836 between La Prairie and S. John's, in the neighbourhood of Montreal. Notwithstanding the experience which had even then been gained in other countries, the proprietors do not appear to have been satisfied as to the superiority of steam as motive power and until the following year the traffic was accordingly worked by horses. Another horse line was opened in 1839 near Niagara Falls between Chippewa and Queenstown and there was also a little suburban railway seven miles long from Montreal to Lachine; but with these excep-

tions there were no lines in Canada before the passing of the Railway Act in 1849. By that Act the Government undertook to guarantee 6 per cent. on half the cost of all lines made in accordance with its provisions with the result that various railways were at once put in hand including the S. Lawrence and Atlantic from Montreal to Portland, the Great Western between Niagara Falls and Windsor on the direct route to Chicago and the West, and that from Toronto north to Collingwood on Georgian Bay. It was soon found however that the Government had accepted conditions which were too onerous and in 1852 another Act was passed which, with its subsequent modifications, in effect reduced the liability under the guarantee to a contribution of a sum of £3,000 per mile towards the construction of some one trunk line to run through the length of the colony; and thus was built up the Grand Trunk system. In 1854 a railway was finished between Montreal and Quebec, and the Great Western line was opened to Windsor. Two years later came the link from Montreal to London via Toronto and in 1860 the great Victoria Bridge across the S. Lawrence at Montreal was brought into use, connecting the various lines on the north of the river with those of the southern bank and so with the United States. This bridge was in its day considered one of the wonders of the world. It was nearly two miles long and was built by Stephenson on the tubular principle in the same way as the well-known viaducts in North Wales which still carry the Chester and Holyhead section of the London and North-Western over the Conway estuary and the Menai Straits.

At Montreal the river runs very swiftly; not far above the spot where the original railway crosses it are the famous Lachine Rapids, the shooting of which forms the most sensational amusement of the district. It was necessary to make the piers of the bridge of peculiar shape and extraordinary strength to enable them to resist not only the ordinary rush of water but also the special grinding and crushing strains caused by the breaking up of the ice every spring. For many years the Victoria bridge proved satisfactory, but at length it was found inadequate for modern requirements and after much deliberation a scheme was approved for its reconstruction on a magnificent scale. This scheme has now been carried out. The old single-line tube, the atmosphere in which had owing to the great increase in the number of trains become very bad, has been taken away altogether; the piers have been enlarged on the down-stream side, and in place of the tube there has been erected on them a very wide superstructure accommodating not only a double line of rails but also tracks for electric tramways and roadways and footways for ordinary traffic as well.

The political changes which took place in British North America at the end of the sixties had a most important effect on the railway position. The Act of 1867 consolidated the whole of the country lying between the Atlantic and Lake Superior, and no sooner was the Dominion Government established than it entered into negotiations for the purchase of the vast territories of the Hudson's Bay Company. After some difficulty the arrangement was carried through and the whole of the West up to the Rocky Mountains became part of the Dominion. This left only the strip between the mountains and the Pacific outstanding, and with the adhesion of British Columbia in 1871 the chain was completed from ocean to ocean and the prosperous career of the Canadian nation begun. One of the terms under which British Columbia agreed to fusion provided that the central Government should see that a railway was constructed right across the continent to bring Vancouver and the Pacific slope into touch with the markets of the East, and it was in fulfilment of this stipulation that the Canadian Pacific line was laid out. This railway politically, socially, and commercially is of so great value to the whole Empire that further reference to it must be reserved for a future occasion when it can be dealt with in detail. The Canadian Pacific operates some 8,000 miles of track; the remaining railways of Canada, representing in all a further 10,000 miles or thereabouts, are worked by a number of independent bodies, the Grand Trunk and the Intercolonial systems alone being of substan-

tial size. The Grand Trunk Company was incorporated in 1851 and at once absorbed a number of smaller lines. From time to time it has acquired many others, including the Canadian Great Western in 1882 and in 1893 several subsidiary lines with a total length of nearly 1,200 miles; and it now, with a mileage rather more than half as large as that of the Canadian Pacific, controls tracks extending from the Atlantic seaboard by way of Montreal and Toronto to Chicago. In North America the interests of railway companies are not confined within such strict geographical limits as are observed on the continent of Europe. For example the Canadian Pacific controls many miles of line beyond the United States boundary, while on the other hand the Michigan Central runs its main line expresses through British territory for nearly a quarter of the entire distance between Chicago and New York. The Grand Trunk route passes from the one jurisdiction to the other by means of one of the very few great tunnels in the country. This tunnel, opened ten years ago, connects Sarnia with Port Huron under the S. Clair river, which runs from Lake Huron to Lake Erie and here forms the international frontier. Further down, the same river obstructs the main east and west line of the New York Central system via Niagara Falls and the Michigan Central, but in this case there is no tunnel and a more interesting method of crossing is adopted. The trains as they arrive at Detroit or Windsor are run bodily on to immense ferry-boats which carry them over to the other side where they resume their journey with surprisingly little delay. The Intercolonial Railway lies entirely in the eastern part of the Dominion and runs from Levis, a suburb of Quebec, to the port of Halifax. By the use of it for the conveyance of the Transatlantic mails the difficult navigation of the S. Lawrence and the dangers from fog and icebergs at its mouth can be avoided. The Intercolonial line with its extensions and connexions has nearly 1,600 miles of track and the whole system is owned and operated by the Canadian Government.

Amongst the railway developments now taking place in the Dominion must be mentioned the Algoma Central line which is to run from the north shore of Lake Huron to Hudson's Bay. At present the district to be traversed is very thinly populated and, except for the fact that the Canadian Pacific line to the West runs across the southern part, entirely destitute of railway communication. It is however rich in timber and mineral wealth and with the completion of the new line will no doubt be rapidly opened up. The establishment of a first-class port on Hudson's Bay might well have momentous consequences for the shipping centres of Lower Canada; for the new route would give a reduction of several hundred miles in the sea passage, and, in the probable event of a connecting line being made from Winnipeg, a reduction also in the land journey for all freight coming from Manitoba and beyond. The one difficulty to be faced is of course the severity of the winter but the Elswick-built ice-breaker "Yermack" has shown that in Russia at all events to keep a northern port open all the year round is by no means impossible. The influence of the Gulf Stream on our own climate is well illustrated by the fact that Port Nelson on Hudson's Bay, which may be selected as the terminus of the new route, is only about as far north as the mouth of the Clyde.

NOTES ON PEASANT RUSSIA.

THE Muscovite peasant lives a hard life, but, through hereditary usage, less hard than it would seem to his brother of England. The problem of clothes he finds easy of solution, for as a rule he makes his own. Many of the peasants, however, can afford to pay the journeyman tailor who comes to each village visiting each house as required, living with the family, so long as the work he is engaged for lasts, and providing each member of the household during his sojourn with clothes sufficient until his next visit. The peasant's usual dress consists of rough cloth trousers and red striped shirt: he cares little for hats. If the Tsar ordered his peasant subjects to dress as the peasants of this country do, not all the firms in

England would be able to supply the demand much less keep pace with it. Boots are worn, but the great prevalence of rheumatism in its worst forms among the Russian villagers seems to show that they are of a very inferior kind: indeed these boots are little more than baskets, made of reeds and grass and kept together with linen. Round the legs, from ankle to knee, are bound linen rags tied with string. This forms the sole protection in fine weather and bad, on road and field, and the condition of a labourer working in the potato fields in wet weather is pitiable enough. No wonder the peasant's thoughts so often turn longingly to the army. A soldier, he is decently clothed in black cloth tunic, trousers, shirt and boots.

In Russia companies of infantry are sent out road repairing, house building and railway constructing—generally working for contractors. Prisoners of the State are often employed in the same way. The earnings of the men are apportioned in thirds; one third goes to the contractor, one third to the Government from whom he hires the labour and the remainder the worker takes himself. He does not get the full benefit of his fraction, however, for the State tacitly demands from the soldier or the prisoner one-eighth of his one-third for various objects. Every soldier is expected to keep himself clean and smart—he stands little chance of promotion if he is careless in this respect—and after procuring himself blacking, &c., and paying for baths and washing much of his earnings have disappeared. Often as not he has spent more than his wage and has to be helped over his financial stiles by relatives and friends. Then he finds it more to his advantage to buy clothing in order to save the wear and tear of his army uniform. New men, especially, experience hard times at first. The officers, in accordance with a very ancient custom, insist on what they consider their rights at the hands of recruits. These latter have to "look after" their superiors, in other words "pay their footing". Here is an instance. An officer hands a recruit the sum of sixpence with instructions to fetch him four-pennyworth of whisky, a sixpenny sausage and some change. What option has the soldier? He obeys the unwritten law as naturally as the officer imposes it. To neither does it seem an injustice.

In Russia nobody need starve who has the ability to work. A man can rent land from a landowner who will supply a villager with seeds and implements for working his hired plot. In return the landlord receives half the profits. Land may be hired from the Government on the same conditions. A capitalist may rent a large section of land and may employ State soldiers or prisoners to work it for him. In such cases the Russian Government takes half the profits, the other portion going into the pockets of the capitalist. The Government in one sense shares with the latter the risk of working the land at a loss.

Most of the Russian peasants pass a great deal of their life in workshops where they work, eat and sleep, the same room sheltering a number and probably a pig into the bargain. There are few beds. Instead all around the four walls of the room is fixed what may be literally described as a bench: it is made of wood, and at this works the peasant by day and on it he sleeps by night, each man at his own spot. The conditions of the Russian workshop, or factory, and the Russian prison and military barracks, so far as interior arrangements are concerned, are akin. Chairs there will also be and tables, rudely fashioned as a rule by the men themselves.

The relations between master and man are very interesting to compare with those of hired and hirer in this country. In Russia there are no strikes, no trades unions, no great labour troubles among the peasantry. The masters keep no account books—there are no bankruptcies—and the master pays his servants what he thinks fit. The men as a rule are satisfied with what they get and there does not exist that fear among them of want of employment which in other countries, where the conditions of labour are more ideal, forces a man to take a meagre death-wage from the half-closed hand of his employer. In every workshop there hangs a picture of the Virgin, often rude enough but sufficient in its symbolism, whatever the nature of its portraiture and

production; and before this a little lamp is always kept burning. Every employer of workmen, no matter what his creed, must provide a picture of the Mother and a lamp; else would he get no labourers. The men each morning pay their homage to the lowly shrine before the day's work commences, and at eventide when work is ended devotions are said. Before and after meals thanks are rendered to the "Ikon" and appeals are generally made for help when details of work go awry.

Quarrels between the men are rare, but do occur sometimes. In a Russian workshop one morning a dispute arose over a trifling matter, which, however, bid fair to last indefinitely, when happily an old peasant was inspired with an idea for the restoration of peace. His idea was agreed to at once, for the workers realised that they must make their penance to the Mother for their waywardness. So the village priest was sent for, and he came with censers and with due ceremonial sprinkled holy water about the working place and blessed all those present. For this service the men collected among themselves a fee of about five shillings. With the departure of the priest on this occasion came, as was expected, a complete reconciliation. What was not foreseen, however, by the old wisehead was the aftermath of the quarrel and its settlement. The last state of that house that day was worse than its first, for the workers in their delight at the restoration of harmony must needs go out and celebrate it—just as English workmen might do: and before night the fumes of strong drink had raised up the old grievance with tenfold energy.

The Russian workman takes probably as much drink as the English. He will even pawn his boots generally of the "Wellington" type for drink, or, to be more correct, will sever the uppers from the soles and raise on the former the trifle he needs. There are now no public-houses in Russia as we know such places in England: houses of refreshment there are in plenty, but these may be said to possess off-licences. Three years ago public-houses were conducted in Russia as they are to-day in this country. Then the Government took control of the liquor trade and nowadays the citizen or traveller buys bottled beer or spirits and consumes it without the doors of the place of sale. There is, however, no diminution of drunkenness: the only difference is that the vice has the streets for display instead of public-house interiors. The publican is a hired servant of his Government and to him is supplied the stuff for sale, the purchaser being thus in a position to see what he is buying, as each bottle is stamped with an official notification. So one is now able to get good liquor in Russia, where previously one was more or less at the mercy of the publican both as regards quality and payment.

The Russian workman seldom leaves the precincts of the factory in winter except to purchase drink. This is not beer but a rough spirit which he calls "Vodka" and which he partakes of neat. The admixture of water would strike him as a strictly unnecessary proceeding. "Vodka" is a powerful liquid, and its effects on a body unused to it sudden and disastrous. In summer he quits the close confines of the workshop and goes out into the open. The Russian summer is bright and pleasant, more pleasant than the country as a whole gets credit for. Satiated therefore with his confinement all the winter the peasant worker comes forth to lead the life of a tramp, free in his movements. Either he supports himself with fishing and occasionally digging potatoes for a meal or two, or he simply wanders, living anyhow, anywhere. His existence is not unlike that of the tramp weavers of Lancashire who go from place to place, working or idling as they choose. On the whole the peasant, be he married or single, leads a roughly pleasant life.

One thing the peasant of Russia has on which he may certainly congratulate himself. Over the business of the courts to which he turns for justice there sits a president fitted for the true adjustment of the scales, a man who knows the peasant's mode of living, being a commoner himself. On the other hand the upper class litigant in Russia is less robustly treated. The high court officials, by their indifference to the rights of those who come for judgment, in a way unfortunately

balances the admirable equity of the lower courts. A great deal has been heard lately of the Russian students. It is not generally known, perhaps, how distinct a class is each, the student and the workman. The latter is wont to shun the former, arguing that the student, being a cleverer man than himself, is less honest, which argues further that the peasant, if the less clever, is by no means a fool.

THE MOORS.

TWENTY shillings a brace sounds dear, but that is the price, as some experts tell us, which lessees of the moors pay for their sport. The estimate is probably excessive, but the moors and the grouse were never meant for the million. Even a generation ago, as I know by experience, a fair shooting could be picked up, at small cost, on the eve of the twelfth. But now the market is booming, and we are credibly informed that this season the shootings have been in greater request than ever. Twenty shillings a brace may sound excessive, but luxuries, if you can afford them, may be cheap at any money. What you are buying is not the game actually brought to bag, but excitement, rude health, invigorated spirits, and that exquisite sense of jubilant exhilaration which comes of all these, with wild scenery thrown in. But there are moors and moors, and a man must be guided in his choice by his personal tastes and capacities. Monotonous flats often command the highest rents: they are comparatively easy walking for elderly gentlemen, short in the wind, addicted to the pleasures of the table and periodically liable to twinges of gout. Moreover they carry a heavy head of game, and may have been occasionally associated with record bags. But for younger and stronger men, in my opinion, there is nothing like broken and rolling ground. The birds defer their packing: on the slopes of the wilder mountains the sport may be indefinitely prolonged, and setting the greater attractions of the scenery aside, there is always some touch of incident or adventure.

Not the least charm of the grouse shooting is in the pleasures of anticipation. Reports from the keepers are eagerly scanned, and too often the keepers prove lying prophets, for almost invariably, even when honest, they are inclined to be sanguine. If a man is not hard driven against the beginning of a brief holiday, we should always recommend him to go down to his quarters a week before and run his dogs over the ground. Either the inevitable disappointment is softened, or the joys of hope are intensified in assurance. But it seems as if this year the prophets were safe in prophesying smooth things: and the season promises to be altogether an exceptional one. The weather has been tolerably favourable all along; there was a good nesting time and good hatching. The coveys are said generally to be of fair size and numerous. So far as I have seen, it is asserted that there is no disease, though my own private advices contradict that. I cannot answer for other counties, but there certainly is some disease in Forfar and Aberdeen, and on the very best moors. The truth is, that it is a case of the cup overflowing, and where there is disease it comes from overstocking. Greatly as I love shooting over dogs, there is much to be said in favour of occasional driving, which not only thins the superfluous stock but kills off the quarrelsome old cocks. Nor can there be any question that preserving has been overdone. Of course no quarter should be given to the grey crows and the hooked crows, who will not only massacre a whole bevy of the innocents when they have once begun, but will make wild work with the eggs. But the extermination of the peregrines and some of the minor hawks has been carried too far: it is true that the peregrine and even the pretty little merlin often struck down from sheer lust of slaughter and passed on: but far more often they flew at the sickly birds and weeded the ailing from the healthy.

Well; this year not only are there birds in plenty, but the opening day was propitious. No man can predicate anything universally of Scottish weather: the blaze of the sunbeams may be flashed back from a cloudless sky from the slate quarries of Ballachulish, while the wind is howling down Loch Maree and the

rain is descending on Rasay in torrents. But last Monday seems to have been generally fine. It was a grey morning in many places, with spitting showers, and the look-out was none the worse for that. The prospect might damp the spirits of the unsophisticated; the early start may have been deferred and the breakfast eaten in gloom. Indeed highland barometers are far from infallible, but old keepers are almost as weather-wise as the grouse or the mountain sheep. The sun flickers out after breakfast, through watery skies, and there is the appeal to Donald, who has been patrolling restlessly before the window, with frequent glances at the heavens. Naturally, Donald is slow to commit himself, but what he does say is, "'Deed, sir, it was looking bad, but I'm thinking it might hold up". Which means when translated into English, by the light on his weatherbeaten face, "'Deed, I'm thinking we're in for a glorious day". And if the early start was put off, it was all the better. I do not say that you may not make some deadly shooting while the grouse are on the early feed. But few men are in prime condition on the twelfth, and you must look to the future. After the first sharp burst, which is involuntary and inevitable, the flesh begins to fail and the back sinews are aching. The secret of sure and steady shooting is always to be ready, always on the alert, and that is impossible when once you begin to feel fagged. Then whatever your experiences during the day, the best work is to be done in the dusk, when the shadows are already deepening. The birds have been gorged after the evening meal—always the heaviest—and have tucked themselves up for the night in the heather. Besides, you have been slaughtering the parents and scattering the broods; and the orphans are lying up, lonely and forlorn. I defy anyone who has half walked himself off his legs before breakfast to walk as zealously up to the evening points as when he started, or to level his barrel in fading light with the same fatal precision.

Nothing is more trying in the beginning of the shooting season than a scorching or sultry day on the moors. The sun beats down remorselessly in windless corries; the heat haze is flickering over the heather as on the glowing sands of the Soudan. Now last Saturday, Providence seems to have swept Scotland with a violent thunderstorm, which soaked the heather and cleared the air. On Monday all nature was smiling again after the bath: the heather was half dried and the scent was excellent. For the man, the weather makes all the difference. When you are fresh, or rather stale, from a course of London dinners, when you are panting and overheated, a S. Anthony could not resist the temptations to drink. At each spring or brook you stoop to lace the whisky with the water, and the result is, that you drop down into the heather for lunch and after lunch and cigars relapse into drowsiness, which it is almost impossible to shake off. Yet the weather is still more important to the dogs. Hot or cool, they will still dash off enthusiastically, after long confinement to the kennels or to objectless runs: but when the ground is scentless they are always coming to grief and possibly being bullied or beaten for blunders for which they are scarcely to blame. With crisp fresh air and a gentle breeze, how different it all is! When they have sobered down after the first wild burst, their steadiness may be absolutely relied on. In the long casts and graceful ranging, with inflated nostrils they are sniffing the air: at the faintest taint of the game, they are cautiously drawing, or standing and backing. You have leisure to make a shorter semicircle yourself and intercept the covey in its line of flight. The old birds will surely get up the first, but with easy shots there is no excuse for missing, and when you have brought down an outlying cock or two at long range, you feel in vein and your confidence in your shooting becomes boundless. Then on a sultry day, from noon to, say, three o'clock, the quest is almost hopeless. You know that the birds must be somewhere, but they have vanished to all intent and purposes. Then and somewhat later, you have to hunt them up in out-of-the-way places; in the rushes that border the meandering burn, or in the sedgy bit of quagmire affected by the black game. When the day is cool and fresh, on the contrary, they have

not troubled to leave the sheltering fringes of the heather, whose tender shoots are to furnish their evening meal. Wind and other circumstances permitting, it is always wise to shoot from the extremity of your beats towards home and dinner. Tough as you may be, and however good your walking trim, when the sun is sloping towards the west you will feel slightly tired. Then it is wise again to sit down and rest for an hour, when you will probably contemplate the scenery through clouds of midges and tobacco smoke. For, as I said, the homeward stroll should be the most deadly. Slip a fresh pair of dogs, to give yourself every chance, and you are tolerably certain to have walking enough. When Don is standing on a crest against the sunset, several hundred feet above you, Sancho is drawing in a dark hollow as many feet below. Both the dogs and the birds are likely to wait your leisure, but the precious moments must not be wasted, for the light will be failing soon, and it is hard to shoot and hit against a cloudy skyline. And just when you and the dogs are in fullest swing, the curtain falls and the fun is over.

ALEXANDER INNES SHAND.

FLUNKYISM.*

THERE is an old story of a man of letters who dared not go to his club for several days after the death of Mr. Gladstone, for fear he should be compelled by some fell attraction to listen to the roarings of the young lions of the daily press. They were apt to say so much more than was reverent or so much less than was true in so inflated a style that he could not bear it. Since the tale was first told, it has become dangerous to go to the club on any day of the week; nor is a man safe even in the library, if it contains books that are new. "Cloistered virtue" is no more; there has grown up for its destruction a class of professional spies whose sole business is to pry out the private life of the more notable citizens and expose them with display of circumstance before their patrons, the public. The tame biographers and inferior journalists are much on a level. They do not now wait decently for a man to die, but delight in fawning on him with obsequious laudations or exposing him to impertinent personalities while he is still able to suffer in person. The columns and the biographies might be passed by and left to the obscurity which their vulgarity challenges, if they had not already won a too wide celebrity. It has become a fact to be faced, and it can be proved by booksellers' statistics, that emasculated snobbery is wholly agreeable to the larger section of the middle class. They enjoy reading nothing so much as inane personalities concerning prominent men, and they wallow in what Carlyle calls "the slough of black platitude." For this taste even the best are beginning to cater. The "Times", which continues, almost in spite of itself, to remain a great national institution, has lately found it advantageous to telegraph from abroad that Queen Wilhelmina would have enjoyed the day more if it had not been so hot! and a book, each copy of which costs the better part of a labourer's wages for the week, relies for the zest of its popularity on such news of the King as this, that he "does not confine his custom to only one London tailor" and that he need not take a hansom unless he likes. In short though true servants were never so hard to come by, the great army of flunkies grows greater and yet greater as democracy advances. Flunkiness is rampant, and there is this lie in the soul in all flunkies that they tamper with sacred virtues. Hero worship is good even if you can find no better hero to worship than the bundle of bellicose attributes dignified as hero by Carlyle. But flunkiness is the negation of worship. No man is a hero to his flunkie, for the flunkie, having by nature no eye for heroic qualities, must caparison

* "The Private Life of the King" by One of his Servants. London: Pearson. 1901. 5s.; "His Most Gracious Majesty King Edward VII." by Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes. London: Grant Richards. 1901. 7s. 6d.; "Edward VII." by Eleanor Bulley. London: Gardner Darton. 1901. 1s.; "Victoria the Wise" by Alfred Austin. London: Eyre and Spottiswoode. 1901. 6s.

his master in such grotesque trappings as the most leonine hero must fail to carry. Theirs is the "praise that hurteth more than blame"; the decking out of the paltry details of private lives and the predication of impossible virtues is felt by the victims to be a presumptuous insolence only comparable with the offensive caricatures of the foreign press. "From time to time", we are told by "one of his servants"—and the nature of the service is apparent—"His Majesty has spoken neatly and epigrammatically, showing a complete mastery of such intricate subjects as"—and the list which follows includes thirty-three subjects; extending from "English Literature, Art and Shipping" to "the Darwinian Theory, the Schoolmaster Problem, Railways and their management, the necessity of athletics, musical training and, indeed, every recondite problem that interests the thinking world from year to year". The hyperbole of such praise can deceive no one and if it please some, the King will certainly not be of the number. Servility of this sort is a gross impertinence to the "pith o' sense and pride o' worth" which go to make a man's value. "Servantship", the most valuable possession of any king of men, degenerates into valet-ship. Instead of loyal discrimination of character, we are given whole chapters grossly marked with such headings as "What the King eats and drinks" and "What the King wears". Could the force of vulgarity go further?

Citizens of the new democracy ridicule the excesses of Palace ceremonial that used to prevail in heroic and absolute times and still flourish in the East. But the flattery which surrounded Louis XIV. was at least not externally vulgar. People had enough manners to avoid grossness. They played the game of the period, and if it was at bottom a species of "cheating", a form of organised hypocrisy, it had at least an artistic semblance. When a Chinese doctor feels his Emperor's pulse he tells him that it goes like a roaring lion or he describes his Highness's tongue as splendid with the scarlet grandeur of a war flag. The doctor deceives no one and is no good subject for ridicule. He is using the prevailing idiom; perhaps he is maintaining some ancient symbolism such as underlies Æschylus' gorgeous descriptions of his heroes in the Seven against Thebes. But these are democratic days. The reign of common-sense and manly equality was to come in with the Reform Bill. The great Republic of America was to teach us that "a man's a man for a' that". Instead it has converted hero-worship into servility, servility into snobbery, and snobbery into flunkeyism. "Is the King a good fellow?" asks in big type "one of his servants", and goes on to say "Doubtless there are sycophants who would contend that any prince was perfect, and the King is the most perfect of them all. But the King is too good a fellow not to resent adulation that would attempt to put him above the frailties of common humanity." How the reputation for sycophancy is avoided may be gathered from a few extracts. "The King is celebrated for being precise and accurate. His statistics are *invariably* correct and his statements indisputable." "The King's tastes in literature are very sound and *always* tend to mental improvement." "He has *never* been known to speak in public on a subject he has not *thoroughly* mastered." "He is, however, an extraordinarily healthy man and can eat with impunity a wonderful quantity and mixture of dishes." "Neither the King nor the Queen are merely theoretical 'good people.'" Even the "sulphurous recriminations" of Carlyle's Latter Day Pamphlets could scarcely go beyond the mark on such vulgarity and banality as this.

England perhaps is not so deep in the "slough of black platitude" as America; for mere democracy does not produce such capable flunkies as sheer Republicanism; but the nation is getting deeper. There have always been flunkies as there have always been snobs, but the flunkey has so far developed from the snob that he has become different in kind. He not only grovels to the great, but he listens at the keyhole and for the edification of a less favoured world hurries to publish garbled versions of what he thinks he overhears. The existence of a few flunkies as of a few snobs might be disregarded, with advantage, but the

fear is that this flunkeyism may become a national quality. One could name perhaps a dozen biographies lately published—and probably the books under notice are in this category—of which the authors had no personal knowledge at all of the hero they pretended to show to the world. We could give statistics of the sale of one or two of these advertisements of personalities which would prove in figures how aptly the food was fitted to the public taste. But the lower part of the press is a more subtle caterer even than the publisher. Its finger is on the pulse of the public, ready to notice and encourage its every weakness. Papers puffed out with columns of personal details have grown up like mushrooms and the better papers have followed in the wake. The "Times" publishes daily a column of the worst sort of "black platitudes" concerning the so-called doings of nonentities. There is an element of business in the practice. The barber, the baker, the candlestick-maker, who have just been appointed to the King, pay to have these things chronicled and business, if not lovely, is at least real. But neither the "Times" nor any other paper would give publicity to such futile information if the public did not desire to absorb it. Flunkeyism pays.

How the nation is to escape from the slough does not appear. War is real enough to make itself felt; but it is just the generals in the present war round whom the flunkey hypocrisies were chiefly gathered. Patriotism pulsates through the Empire and that is real enough; but it is the very King of the British Dominions beyond the seas whose person has suffered the worst banalities. Perhaps conscription, the drilling of the middle-class in actualities, would be the best check. It is difficult to be both a soldier and a flunkey.

FRATERNAL INSURANCE.

FRATERNAL insurance which attracts much attention in Canada and the United States is but little known in this country. The only fraternal society holding a licence from the Board of Trade to transact insurance business in the United Kingdom being the Independent Order of Foresters of Toronto. The way in which a great many fraternal societies have been organised and managed has deservedly brought them into disrepute; and there are many people who will not take the trouble to discriminate between good and bad fraternal societies, and who consequently condemn the whole system.

This wholesale condemnation is both wrong and foolish. The best fraternal societies command the enthusiastic support of such men as Lord Strathcona, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Sir Martin Tupper; while a meeting of the Foresters in a big Canadian city is recognised as an occasion for a general holiday; the delegates are received by the official authorities and a meeting is an event of much importance. It is beyond question that apart from the insurance aspect of the subject the fraternal side of the question is immensely popular and the Orders have very numerous adherents.

If, however, the insurance side of the fraternal societies is unsound the support of distinguished men and of large numbers of other people constitutes no reason for approval of the system; but if on the other hand the insurance system is sound the enthusiasm with which fraternal societies are regarded must be taken as a very favourable feature. The insurance offered by ordinary life offices certainly causes no popular enthusiasm. The insurance agent is too often regarded as a nuisance; taking a policy is considered somewhat irksome duty, and the payment of premiums is looked upon with but little more favour than the payment of rates and taxes. Such views of insurance are to be regretted, but even among those who are convinced of the advantages of insurance nothing approaching enthusiastic appreciation of it can be found.

Some of the fraternal societies have discovered the secret of making insurance popular. Their methods are very different from those of ordinary insurance companies. They hold big meetings, form courts and lodges which are conducted in a ceremonious way suggestive of freemasonry and in addition to promoting social intercourse, create a fraternal spirit which causes

unfortunate members to be well looked after. To some minds the existence of courts and ritual and benevolent work may seem inappropriate accompaniments of life assurance; but to a very large number of people they make a strong appeal and cause a very real enthusiasm unapproached by anything connected with ordinary life assurance.

In fact when many of the fraternal societies were started life assurance formed no part of their work; the fraternal benefits alone were sufficient to attract a numerous membership, and it was only little by little that they came to combine life assurance with their other features. Thus in many cases existing organisations were made use of for developing life assurance, and the machinery for so doing being already in existence they were in a position to take up insurance without incurring the heavy expenses almost, if not quite, inevitable, to the formation of new life offices.

Critics of the fraternal system contend that it is unsound on the ground that the premiums charged for life assurance are too low, and this criticism has been almost universally true in the past, and is very frequently true at the present day. In recent years a great change has come over the conduct of the best fraternal Orders. The National Fraternal Congress has caused very extensive experience of the mortality experience of fraternal societies to be collected, and has published rates of premiums which are recognised by competent actuaries as being quite sufficient to provide the benefits guaranteed. These rates are apparently much lower than those of ordinary insurance companies, but then it is necessary to recognise a significant fact which is usually ignored. The benefits given by the Independent Order of Foresters and other sound fraternal societies are not the same as those of ordinary life offices. The latter give bonuses and surrender values and the Foresters do not; while the Foresters by means of their fraternal, or social, side dispense with the necessity for paying commission, and, being mutual organisations, have no dividends to pay to shareholders. On the other hand there is a charge for fraternal benefits which is stated separately from the contributions required for life assurance, which the majority of the members consider to be well worth the cost, and which they were well content to pay when fraternal societies did not transact insurance business. After making allowance for the different benefits conferred by ordinary and by fraternal insurance societies the net amount remaining to accumulate for insurance protection in the well-managed fraternal societies is practically identical with the amount available under ordinary life policies.

The objection urged against fraternal societies in the past, and still urged against them by many people, is that they work, or have worked, on the assessment principle. One of the most obvious truths in connexion with life assurance is that the assessment principle as ordinarily understood must inevitably result in failure. It implies that existing members are assessed from month to month, or from year to year for such an amount as is required to meet the current claims. As the members grow older the rate of mortality becomes higher, and the amount of the claims increases, with the result that the younger and more healthy members find it disadvantageous to continue their membership, and consequently secede. The best lives leave the society first, and the process of disintegration goes on until dissolution becomes inevitable. This system has been tried over and over again, and has been proved to be inherently rotten. Many, perhaps most, of the fraternal societies are still nominally assessment companies, and many of them are truly assessment offices, before whom failure or reform are the only possibilities. There are, however, some societies, among them the Independent Order of Foresters, which, while nominally assessment companies, and retaining the power to call upon their members for increased contributions, in the event of such a necessity arising, are not now assessment companies of the true and objectionable kind. In one sense every mutual life office works on the assessment principle. If the contributions are insufficient to meet the liabilities the members must either pay higher premiums, or receive less than the policies promise. A good illustration of

this is the discounted bonus system which has become increasingly popular in recent years, and which has much to recommend it. Under this system future bonuses are discounted from the commencement, and allowed in reduction of premiums; if future bonuses prove smaller than the bonus discounted the policyholders must make up the deficiency, either by paying increased premiums, or by incurring debts upon the policies, and an instance of this has recently occurred in the case of a well-known office. The fact that a society has the right to increase the premiums is therefore no valid objection unless the premiums charged are inadequate to provide the promised benefits. The premiums at present required by the best fraternal societies are, as we have explained, adequate for the provision of the benefits promised, and it is a practically necessary concomitant of insurance at the lowest possible cost that provision should be made for an increase in premiums if necessary; but provided the premiums charged are adequate, in the opinion of competent actuaries, the reservation of the right to charge an increased premium in the event of necessity is not merely unobjectionable, but is practically inevitable if insurance protection is to be provided at a minimum rate.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE KING'S DECLARATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Codford S. Peter Rectory, Wilts, 12 August, 1901.

SIR,—A great deal has been said about the feelings of Roman Catholics under a very vulgar and violent attack on their beliefs, but few have had courage to express the disgust of English Churchmen at the crude Parliamentary theology of the Declaration being put forth to the Christian world as the exposition of the belief of the reformed Catholic Church of England about the sacred mysteries of our religion. Mr. Grimley's letter is directed to show that the Roman doctrine is not after all attacked, since the Declaration says nothing about a "change of substance", which is all that Trent affirmed. Mr. Grimley says that this is a spiritual idea, and I do not deny that it is capable of being so taken, if "substantia" is meant to be equivalent to "essentia". But it is precisely a "change of substance" which Article XXVIII. rejects, whereas our Church does not deny—how could it without breaking altogether with the "ancient fathers and Catholic doctors" and with Holy Scripture itself?—that the elements by consecration suffer an addition so as to "be" or "become" the Body and Blood of the Redeemer. The phrase is that of the 1549 Prayer Book—I need not discuss the words "to us", which are also in the Roman missal. The original draft of Article XXVIII. spoke of "Panis et vini transubstantiatio in corpus et sanguinem Christi", but the latter part of the proposition repudiated was afterwards deliberately struck out, the purpose being to affirm that the bread and wine remain in their own natural substances (otherwise the "nature of a sacrament" is "overthrown"), not to cut the Church of England away from entire orthodox Christendom by denying that, in the words of S. Ignatius, "the Eucharist is the Flesh of our Saviour Jesus Christ" (Ep. ad Smyrn. 2. 7).

The language of the Declaration therefore is inaccurate and untheological, and being severed from any positive statement of truth, such as Article XXVIII., and still more plainly the Church Catechism, supplies, it is painfully misleading. The Lord Chancellor however declared that expert advice was not required and that the man in the street, or, what comes to the same thing, a handful of untrained Whig peers, could be trusted to formulate the Anglican position about the Eucharist. Only the other day the Commons dallied with the invitation of the Northern Orangemen to make the use of certain theological expressions punishable by a new law. Parliament is utterly unfit to deal with religious questions. Since Lord Salisbury considers the Declaration a "stain on the statute book", if all the other safeguards against a Roman Catholic mounting the throne are inadequate, a declaration of loyal adherence to the reformed Church of England would surely be sufficient. The title "Protestant" is

unhistorical and has never been accepted by the Church of England. Of course Romanists delight in fastening it and the doctrinal standpoint of the Declaration upon us, and some on our side are foolish enough to play their game. They had far better keep their grievance. The discredit is ours.

Your obedient servant,
DOUGLAS MACLEANE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Norton Rectory, Bury S. Edmunds, 12 August, 1901.

SIR,—Permit me to express the hope that the abandonment for the present session of the Bill amending the Royal Declaration may mean, when a new session has been entered upon, its revival in a better considered form.

In my first letter on the subject I referred not only to the need for accuracy in any statement put forward with regard to the doctrine of Transubstantiation, but also to the injustice of uttering any condemnation of that doctrine which was not extended to the twin doctrine of Consubstantiation. While Transubstantiation involves the thought that the invisible, intangible, less than ethereal *substance* underlying an outward, visible, material thing is changed into another invisible, intangible, less than ethereal *substance*, Consubstantiation is the expression of the thought that after a certain solemn utterance the second *substance* dwells in companionship with the first. If once the existence of *substance*—which has to be thought of as so subtle, so undiscernible, so unrecognisable by our senses as to belong entirely to the realm of ideas—is conceded, it can readily be admitted that two *substances* can abide together in association with the same outward and visible element. Bearing in mind the concession as to the existence of *substance*, Consubstantiation may be described as of the same order of subtlety as Transubstantiation, though containing in its definition an additional element of reasonableness.

But if Transubstantiation is solemnly condemned, will there not be great unfairness in maintaining silence as to Consubstantiation which but for a subtle shade of thought would be identical with it?

It is true that by reason of the association of Consubstantiation with Lutheranism, it is generally in England considered that those who hold it attach to it only a spiritual meaning. Not many months ago I was told by a Protestant pastor in France, a son of the late Dr. Merle D'Aubigné, that he often had intimate relations with Lutheran clergy of Germany, and could speak with assurance as to Consubstantiation being by them spiritually interpreted. The like statement has recently been made to me by a Danish layman as to the Lutheran clergy of Denmark. If Consubstantiation can be interpreted in a way consistent with the acceptance of the thought of a purely Spiritual Presence, is it a matter of surprise that Transubstantiation has received and does receive a like spiritual interpretation? Ought we not therefore to recognise with most welcome the interpretation which in our esteem by reason of its spiritual character is most excellent? Ought we not to consider any interpretation which cannot be spoken of as a spiritual one as faulty, and accordingly regard it as one not to be taken note of in a serious declaration?

If the King of England were to speak in words of condemnation of Consubstantiation—the doctrine which in the days of her youth was an acceptable one to Queen Alexandra and to whom doubtless as to every Lutheran of Danish birth it presented itself in aspects of spirituality—we should all feel shocked. Are we of such unbalanced sensitiveness that we fail to be shocked when the King condemns a kindred doctrine held by many of his own subjects—a doctrine differing by only the subtlest film of thought from that once taught to a Danish Princess, now our Queen?

I for one feel disposed to be thankful that a little more time is now afforded for thoughtful consideration as to the best way in which the King in his Declaration may assert his allegiance to the truth borne witness to by the English branch of the Catholic Church of Christ, his loyalty to the principle of the independence of the English Church—her freedom from foreign interference with the control of her temporalities, with her progressive advance in harmony with the trend of the national

genius, and with her efforts to respond to the needs of the many within her borders. Such allegiance to what has commended itself to the religious mind of the nation, such loyalty to the ideal of national religious freedom, can surely be expressed without any words offensive to many of those who with ourselves dwell within the comprehensive limits of a great Empire.

Yours faithfully, H. N. GRIMLEY.

BLOCK DWELLINGS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, E., 14 August, 1901.

SIR,—Mr. Ross's tirade against block dwellings does seem a trifle unreasonable. No doubt there are blocks of "model dwellings" to be found in London which are a ghastly parody of the pretensions of their name, and justify the worst epithets that Mr. Ross can find. Such places no one wishes to defend,—nor yet the suggestion of cramming the population of thirty acres on to three.

But Mr. Ross seems to regard block dwellings as necessarily bad, first because they are high, and secondly because they accommodate a large number of persons on a small ground space. Let Mr. Ross consider the task of rebuilding a slum area of narrow streets and two-storied houses. If blocks are erected, it is possible to accommodate, with a decent allowance of cubic air space *within* the buildings, a population as large as that which was overcrowded in the slum, and yet to leave uncovered a considerable space all round in which the air can play freely, so that the ground floor of the six-storied block is less stuffy than the two-storied cottage in its narrow street. And besides the fact that by piling the inhabitants in layers you can secure for all a better supply of air, in the courts and gardens, for which you thus make room, there is a playground for children and a promenade for adults far better and pleasanter than any the streets can afford. The Boundary Street dwellings in Bethnal Green are not in every way a satisfactory contribution to the solution of the housing problem, but anyone who goes to look at them and compares them with the adjacent quarters must admit that in these respects they demonstrate the advantages of a well-devised scheme of block dwellings.

If the commission of all the talents, which Mr. Ross suggests, were ever appointed, he might perhaps find that, so far from condemning block dwellings, they would sanction their erection even in the outer ring of London; for thus, by economising the space actually covered by their buildings, they would be enabled to afford more ground for those courts and gardens, the need of which Mr. Ross is willing to recognise. We are slow in realising the importance of aesthetic considerations even as regards the central and most prosperous parts of our great cities. But in this matter such considerations are in obvious accord with the requirements of physical and moral well being. Nothing is more terrible than the prospect of the further extension of these long and monotonous streets of cottage dwellings which form the sordid and hideous playgrounds and promenades of so large a part of the city populations of the present day.

Yours obediently,

RICHARD FEETHAM.

[We unreservedly endorse our correspondent's contention; and the more readily so that he writes from personal knowledge.—ED. S. R.]

THE HARD CASE OF THE BRITISH REFUGEES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London: 14 August, 1901.

SIR,—With regard to the very interesting article in your last issue on this subject, may I draw your attention to the fact that though reference was therein made to the Victoria League Fund for relief of Dutch women and children, nothing is said regarding the *Victoria League Fund for British Refugees* under a committee (of which Lord Windsor is chairman) who are making great exertions on behalf of British sufferers.

Although the Government have rightly acknowledged their responsibilities in the matter, the Victoria League

Fund for British Refugees merits and requires the heartiest support of the public. I see the latest published list gives £2,000 (two thousand) as the present amount, but ten times that sum could no doubt be well spent both in relieving the urgent present distress (now that the Mansion House Fund is exhausted) and eventually in helping to start again in Colonial life a very deserving and hard-working class of Colonists; for when peace is restored we shall not want our Colonies left with a large indigent population to support. In a letter recently published Lord Windsor says: "It is the desire of the Victoria League to collect funds to carry on the work so long and so efficiently conducted by the Mansion House Refugee Fund and to provide a means whereby, till the end of the war, and for as long afterwards as may be necessary, all that is possible may be done to alleviate distress, which is as bravely and uncomplainingly borne by our fellow subjects in South Africa as it is acute and widespread."

He mentions also that subscriptions to the British Refugee Fund will be received by Miss Talbot, Dacre House, Victoria Street, Westminster, cheques being marked *British Refugee Fund*.

Printed lists of food and clothing particularly required are issued by the Victoria League, and can no doubt be had on application to Miss Talbot. One such list I have before me says: "Merchants, manufacturers, working parties and others in a position to offer aid in materials and in kind can give very valuable assistance by forwarding their gifts" (carriage paid) "to the fund agents, Messrs. Hayter & Hayter, George Yard Wharf, 36 Upper Thames Street, E.C., who have kindly undertaken to forward without expense to donors."

I remain, Sir, yours faithfully, A READER.

[We have much pleasure in publishing this letter. We had no intention whatever of minimising the admirable work done by the Victoria League both amongst British and Dutch refugees.—ED. S. R.]

CONSOLS AND THE NATIONAL CREDIT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Egmont Lodge, Church Row, Fulham, S.W.,
12 August, 1901.

SIR,—In your leading article under this heading in the current SATURDAY you list the causes which have affected the recent downward price of Consols; and all the six items in your summary are undoubtedly tributary causes, but may I point out that the list is not complete? For it contains no mention of one most important cause, namely, the approaching reduction of the rate of interest upon the debt. As the time draws near for that reduction it is obvious that the price of the security must decline, in order that it may gradually adjust itself to the new rate. There is another, though a minor cause which is worth mention—the substitution of quarterly for half-yearly interest payments. This change has affected speculation in Consols, and therewith helped to keep down the price.

Adding these causes to the other contributory causes which you name a big reduction in the price of Consols is, as you say, perfectly explicable without recourse to pessimistic forebodings concerning the national credit. At the same time, rightly or wrongly, the war and, until lately, the international clouds in the Far East have, I venture to think, contributed to a "bearish" feeling in the City, and consequently to a lowering in the price of Consols, to a greater extent than your article would seem to indicate.

But the point of practical importance is that the price of Consols up to the middle of '99 was an altogether abnormal price, and that it is not likely that it will ever be reached again; nor is it, for a number of reasons, particularly desirable that it should.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

ERNEST E. WILLIAMS.

[The approaching reduction of interest was referred to in the concluding paragraph of the article. The purpose of the article was to traverse the extravagant statements of those who from ignorance or perversity disregard history and the many factors which fix the price of the Funds for the time being, and proclaim the downfall of our national credit because Consols drop 20 points.—ED. S. R.]

REVIEWS.

A SURVEY OF EUROPEAN LITERATURE.

"Main Currents in Nineteenth-Century Literature," Vol. I. "The Emigrant Literature." By George Brandes. London: Heinemann. 1901. 6s. net.

THIS is the first volume of a series which Dr. Brandes defines as an attempt "to trace the outlines of a psychology of the first half of the nineteenth century by means of the study of certain main groups and movements in European literature". The other volumes will be: "The Romantic School in Germany", "The Reaction in France", "Naturalism in England", "The Romantic School in France", and "Young Germany". "The central subject of this work is, then", says Dr. Brandes, "the reaction in the first decades of the nineteenth century against the literature of the eighteenth, and the vanquishment of that reaction". "The whole group of books", he tells us in his Conclusion, "to which I have given the common name Emigrant Literature may be described as a species of romanticism anticipating more especially the great Romantic School of France. But it is also in touch with the German spirit and its Romanticism, often from unconscious sympathy, at times directly influenced by it". Rousseau begins it, with "La Nouvelle Héloïse", Chateaubriand follows, with "Atala" and "René", then comes Goethe's "Werther", Sénancour's "Obermann", Nodier comes with his little faint echo, then Benjamin Constant invents the modern novel of analysis in "Adolphe", and in the works of its heroine, Mme. de Staël, the whole period finds its most authentic voice. Barante, in his "Tableau de la Littérature Française au Dix-huitième Siècle", says the last word on the eighteenth and the first word on the nineteenth century. Each of these books and people has a separate chapter; Mme. de Staël indeed has six, and fills just half the book.

We have forgotten all about Mme. de Staël nowadays, and Dr. Brandes' admirable and profound study will come to most readers with more surprise than anything else in his book. "Corinne" is still occasionally read by young ladies, almost as a school book; the heroine of "Adolphe" is still known to have had all the value of a document, the first document in modern love. But it is difficult to realise how large a place the woman and the writer once filled in Europe; a place so large that Napoleon condescended to treat her as a rival, banishing her from the kingdom, attempting to suppress her books, the books in which he was not named, and following her from country to country with all the ardour of a persecution. After reading these chapters in Dr. Brandes' book, one's first thought is: How provincial, after all, compared with this active and militant fame, has been the reputation of George Sand, of George Eliot, of Mrs. Browning! And "Corinne" still bears reading, now that "Lélia" and "Daniel Deronda" and "Aurora Leigh" have drifted away from us. It is not a good novel, it is diffuse, ill-constructed, betraying many aims besides the aim at being a good novel; but what other novel can be compared with it as a study in national characteristics? It is a revelation of the Italian temperament, a criticism of the English and French temperaments. And it is full of illumination in its comments on art, on music, on dancing; it is at once psychology, history, and criticism. Mme. de Staël has put into it the best part of herself: her insight, her enthusiasm, her passion and her intelligence. It is in Benjamin Constant's cruel masterpiece that she survives in another aspect of herself, as an incomparable model or victim. "Adolphe" is the first novel of analysis, it is the first pathology of passion; since "Adolphe" all the novelists have tried to explain, or to explain away, love. "What happened", says Dr. Brandes, "resembled that which happens when we look at a star through a telescope; its bright rays disappear, only the astronomical body remains: before, in the bright full moon we saw only a clear, shining disc with an unchanging face; now, we distinguish a multitude of mountains and valleys".

One of the best chapters in Dr. Brandes' book is that on the "New Conception of the Antique", and it is specially noticeable in its clearly reasoned preference for French rather than German or Danish re-creations

of the antique; in its preference, audacious in a Dane writing largely for Germans, of Racine's "Phèdre" to Goethe's "Iphigenie", of Bernini (he might well have said of Rodin) to Thorwaldsen. How admirable is this summing-up, how true in its subtlety: "There is no doubt that the Germans, whose literature is so critical, whose modern poetry is actually an offspring of criticism and æstheticism, have understood the Greeks far better than the French have done, and that this understanding has been of value in their imitation of them. But one never resembles an original nature less than when one imitates it. The Germans favour restriction and moderation in all practical matters, but are opposed to the restriction of either thought or imagination. Therefore they triumph where plastic form vanishes—in metaphysics, in lyrical poetry, and in music; but therefore also there are conjectures in their science, their art is formless, colour is their weak point in painting, and the drama in poetry. In other words, they lack exactly the plastic talent which the Greeks possessed in the highest degree. If France is far from being a Greece in art, Germany is still farther. Of all the gods and goddesses of ancient Greece, the Germans have only succeeded in acclimatising one—Pallas Athene—and in Germany she wears spectacles. Mme. de Staël might have observed to Schlegel that an Athene with spectacles is not much more beautiful than a Jupiter with a wig". This passage will give some idea of Dr. Brandes as a critic, of his acuteness, vivacity, pungent commonsense, brilliant lack of prejudice. He is as thorough as a pedant, but without pedantry; he works upon rigid lines, but with a readiness to stop by the way, and discuss what are apparently side-issues, which gives him much of his charm and also much of his value. Take, for instance, the passage on the Northern conception of home and its equivalent by contrast to the Southern temperament, on p. 142; or the passage on the ancient Greek and the modern German conception of Pantheism, on p. 171. Such side-issues are really, if one can but see them aright, the essential part of the matter, and it is by his treatment of these that a critic shows us whether or not he is something more than a critic. Dr. Brandes writes of books like one who has lived a personal life of his own outside them. He has travelled much, observed much, met many people; and there is nothing which he has done or seen which he does not bring into the service of ideas. He is the only critic in Europe who could carry out such a scheme as this of the "Main Currents in Nineteenth-Century Literature". He knows Europe and he writes for Europe. His books appear simultaneously in many languages, not losing perhaps as much as they might if they were written exquisitely, rather than with adequate vigour. The present volume is so well translated that it reads almost as an original.

ROMAN ART.

"Roman Art; some of its Principles and their application to early Christian Painting." By Franz Wickhoff. Translated and edited by Mrs. S. Arthur Strong. London: Heinemann. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1900. 36s. net.

IN a note prefixed to this translation, Professor Wickhoff explains how this essay came to be written. The requirements of modern study having demanded an edition in facsimile of the famous fragments of the book of Genesis in Greek, on purple parchment, which are preserved in the Imperial Library at Vienna, it was issued as a supplement to the "Jahrbuch der Kunstsammlungen des allerhöchsten Kaiserhauses", under the title of "Die Wiener Genesis herausgegeben von Wilhelm Ritter von Härtel und Franz Wickhoff", in 1895. Professor Härtel undertook the description of the manuscript and of the Greek text; Professor Wickhoff described the pictures, and also contributed the present essay on the transformation of style in the art which led up to them. "Of the innumerable learned men", adds Professor Wickhoff, "who have worked at Classical Archæology, almost all had hitherto devoted themselves exclusively to Greek art, and had neglected to observe the phenomena of the develop-

ment of style, which successively appear throughout the Imperial epoch of Roman history. On the other hand, the scholars occupied with early Christian art had concerned themselves solely with the explanation of the subjects represented, without reference to the artistic questions involved. The author has endeavoured to fill this gap. He has attempted an historical account of style in Roman art, both in painting and sculpture, from about the period of Augustus to that of Constantine. This history, detached from the background of the *Wiener Genesis*, is now offered to the English public".

The earlier part of the book is taken up with a discussion of the development of Roman art as it has come down to us in its sculpture, its statues, portraits, reliefs, and especially its purely decorative marbles. Professor Wickhoff begins by discussing that phase of Roman art which he calls the Augustan Style, "because the period of its efflorescence coincides with the lifetime of Augustus, and also because Augustus himself remains its most favourite theme". He cites as its crowning achievement, and "the last example of its capabilities", the *Ara Pacis Augustæ*, whose reliefs are now scattered among the galleries of Rome, Florence and Paris; and he notes that all the various works in marble of Augustan art "have this one peculiarity in common, that their detailed execution can only be explained by the existence of a clay model based upon careful studies of nature". With all their imitative naturalism and skill in portraiture, a trait which marks the essential difference between Greek and Western art, these marbles of the time of Augustus remain, as Professor Wickhoff admits, works of "Hellenistic art, but Hellenistic art in Rome, fashioned by Greek artists, but already influenced by Roman patronage". It is at this point of his argument that Professor Wickhoff elaborates his theory of Roman art. The Augustan, or imitative naturalistic, style—"the basis", as he holds, "from which Roman art is afterwards to develop"—was followed by what he calls the "Illusionist style". Of this style, he selects as the most typical example, the pilasters decorated in relief, in the Lateran, which came from the Tomb of the Haterii. When Professor Wickhoff observes in these pilasters an effort to produce a certain truth of effect rather than that bare reproduction of natural forms which had characterised the Augustan style;—when he notes that their sculptor is working freely in stone, unhampered by copying a clay model, he notes what every intelligent student of such things must readily allow: but Professor Wickhoff is not content with these real, if not very abstruse, distinctions. He argues that in these pilasters, "the impression intended was that conveyed by a rose-bush growing round a vase and covered with buds, blossoms, and leaves quivering in the air. Therefore, the individual twigs and leaves do not closely follow the natural model as they do in the altar decorated with plane-tree foliage in the Museo delle Terme [a work of the earlier, Augustan, period,] but emphasis is laid on whatever would heighten the desired effect of movement and bloom, while any detail likely to disturb it is suppressed." And again: "By varying the height of the relief in which the flowers, buds and leaves are cut, and their relation to the background, he produces an impression of pulsating life which a mere facsimile cannot completely give, because the impression depends partly on undercutting and the consequent successive variation in light and shade presented to the eye of a moving spectator. The illusion, however, does not degenerate into a clumsy deception". But can one without caprice, speak thus of a relief in marble which is chiefly, and in the first place, architectural in character, and decorative in intention? Or even allowing a certain element of truth in Professor Wickhoff's contention, is it not paradoxical to discover in a piece of antique Roman art, intentions and motives as modern as these? Indeed, we do not realise the full scope of the writer's paradox until a few pages later on in the book, when speaking of the influence of the art of Japan on modern art he says: "In the school of the Japanese we may learn to understand better than we have done some of the older phases of European art. We notice with

surprise that as early as the second century A.D., the Japanese principle of ornament, consisting in illusionist imitations of plants and flowers freely grouped, had been discovered by the Romans and elaborated by them to a monumental art the only difference being that the Japanese prefer a symmetrical arrangement, while the Romans adhered to that law of symmetry with which they had so long been familiar in previous periods of art, and by its means marshalled the separate motives of the design so as to form an impressive whole." But what Professor Wickhoff calls "the only difference" between such works of Roman and Japanese art is, surely, the all-important difference between an art which is architectural both in its principles, and in its temper, and an art which is not. *Au fond*, it is the difference not merely between Western and Oriental art, but between Western and Oriental culture. When we come to examine the Roman portrait-busts of the same period as these reliefs from the Tomb of the Haterii, we find, what Professor Wickhoff practically admits, that his "Illusionism" amounts to nothing more than a certain tendency to Naturalism not to be found in the work of the earlier Augustan period, coupled with a freedom and effectiveness of cutting which come of working directly on the marble. Had Professor Wickhoff contented himself by pointing out, as he does, how admirable much of this Naturalism is, and how freely and effectively it is expressed in the marble, he would have done a genuine service to the criticism of Roman art: but when he goes farther and invents his label of "Illusionism", which he pastes indifferently on Roman and Japanese art, on the canvases of Velasquez Rembrandt and Hals, as well as on the productions of the "Plein Air" school or the "Impressionists," we fail to see that any critical purpose is served by heaping together manners as various as these, whose one common trait lies in a Naturalism which ranges from an exclusive interest in aerial effects of light on the one hand, to an almost equally exclusive interest in form and relief on the other.

The latter part of the book is taken up with an account of Roman Painting, more especially in its relation to early Christian Miniatures; and with a discussion of the latter the book concludes. Professor Wickhoff's criticisms are always suggestive, even when he is most paradoxical. The painting and more especially the sculpture of the early Roman Empire have been unduly neglected by students of antique art; and if the book serves, as it should do, to awaken more interest in what is really admirable in these works of art it will have accomplished much. At the same time, we cannot help feeling that feminine enthusiasm is a dangerous thing, even for the reputation of so distinguished a scholar as Professor Wickhoff. In the occasional form in which his essay originally appeared, its paradoxical tendency was excusable, and in a certain sense, in place; but when such an occasional essay is given to the world in a companion volume to Furtwangler's "Masterpieces of Greek Sculpture", it naturally appears at a serious disadvantage. Had Professor Wickhoff been able to prove his contention that much of the sculpture which in the past has been regarded as the work of Greek craftsmen working in Italy is in reality of Italian origin, he would have succeeded in giving a more permanent value to his book: but he adduces no new evidence to support the point in which the interest of the whole question culminates.

HOW TO WRITE FOR THE TRADE.

"How to Write for the Magazines." By "Six Hundred a Year From It." "How to Write a Novel." London: Grant Richards. 1901. 2s. 6d. each.

TWO books have lately been published in a series called the "How to" series; one is called "How to Write a Novel", and the other, "How to Write for the Magazines". One of them is anonymous, the other, "How to Write for the Magazines", is said to be by "£600 a year from it". Both are meant to be practical manuals, they are addressed to people who want to write for a profession. "I address myself", says the writer of one, "to the man or woman of talent—those people who have writing ability, but who need in-

struction in the manipulation of characters, the formation of plots, and a host of other points with which I shall deal hereafter". "The author who wants to make his bread", says the writer of the other, more simply, "must write short tales, more or less poor, and scrappy articles". "Briefly stated", says the former, "my position is this: no teaching can produce 'good stories to tell', but it can increase the power of 'the telling', and change it from crude and ineffective methods to those which reach the apex of developed art". "Now the readers of the sort of periodicals we are to consider in this book", says the latter, "do not, as a rule, want what is called 'high-class' literature. They in general abhor it, and hate it with a deadly hatred". The aim, therefore, of the two books is not precisely the same. The instructor in novel-writing realises that there is such a thing as art, and is of opinion that in writing to succeed with the public it is on the whole advisable to write well. "A truly educated man", says he, "never labours to speak correctly; being educated, grammatical language follows as a necessary consequence". Now the gentleman who earns £600 a year is not so sure about the advantages of education. "You should have had a good education", he says, on one page, "in order to be able to write fluently, expressively, and stylishly at all"; but on another page he utters this solemn warning: "education", says he, "should not be too high-class in order to write for the 'popular' papers, or it may over-reach itself. The public hate any kind of writing which shows that its author ranks himself or herself far above the ordinary class of people in knowledge or ability concerning certain subjects". And, in order to add example to precept, the gentleman who earns £600 a year displays this masterly humility towards what he calls "the great B.P." by writing after this manner: "A few words I wish to address to you in this chapter on how to act after your effort has been successful", or after this manner: "Then, there it is at once, and one's brains have not to be racked for examples of what is required, which were well known at the time previously, but cannot be remembered at the critical moment".

"We are quite satisfied with what we do, *now*, at all events", says the gentleman who "can now expect, with health, an average income of at least £600 annually, and doubtless more as time goes on". "When I earned only fifty pounds a year", he confesses, "I often felt discouraged, but success came at last, even to me". By success, it will be understood, he means pecuniary success, the success which come from writing continually for "Tit-Bits", "Answers", "Pearson's Weekly", "The Royal", "The Ludgate", "Harmsworth's", and such-like weekly and monthly papers. He has been told, he assures us, of another kind of success, that of writing in "high-class reviews", and he dismisses the matter thus finally: "It may be the acme of some sort of success, that I don't know; but I do know from experience that it is not the acme of financial success, as an author." One gentleman who tells you how to write novels is of quite another opinion, personally, he assures us: "of course this is merely a personal preference with which the reader may have no sympathy". He offers his pupils the choice of two kinds of success, perhaps supposing that he has put them within reach of either. His prattling about plots, his gossip to the effect that "Thomas Hardy has no definite hours for working, and although he often uses the night-time for this purpose, he has a preference for the day-time"; his apologetic conclusion that "it sounds prosaic enough to speak of studying human nature at a railway station, but such places are brimful of event"; his admission that "it must not be supposed that a plot *always* comes first in the constructing of a novel"; his cautious footnote to the appendix containing Poe's "Philosophy of Composition", in which he is at the pains to tell us that he "does not hold himself responsible for Poe's literary judgments"; are all harmless enough, and can set nobody very wrong who is capable of going at all right. It is a book made to order, a useless book, a somewhat intrusive book, but it is not, like the book on "How to Write for the Magazines", an impudent and an objectionable book.

Here, then, are the books, and, good or bad, they have a significance beyond the somewhat unimportant question of their positive or relative merit. That such books exist implies a demand for them; that there should be a demand for them implies that there are crowds of half-educated and wholly inexperienced people, who wish to "take to literature", instead of taking to some other form of business. They prefer to sit in an arm-chair at a desk rather than at a desk on a high stool. There is no other difference. When they are frank, like the author of "How to Write for the Magazines", they admit that their chief aim is to earn as much money as possible with the least possible expenditure of time and trouble. When they are not frank, they speak apologetically of art, and of the possibility of serving two masters. Formerly they found humble positions on the daily paper; they reported, or wrote leaders, or invented "gossip". They are spreading themselves over wider spaces, making papers and magazines for themselves; and here are books for their guidance. An ideal is held out before the eyes of young writers: some day, by perseverance, one may come to write for "Tit-Bits", and "'Tit-Bits' can claim to have been the pioneer of almost all this class of literature,—the pioneer of a new business which has brought fame and immense fortunes to many men and women who are yet very young in years". A new business: that is what we have really invented for the degradation of literature. Only smart young men need apply: we will teach you to write "stylishly", and in a short time you will turn out very marketable articles. You must watch the market carefully, you must change your whole shopful of goods with the seasons, you must adapt your salesman's manner to the kind of customer who approaches your counter. Be sure you buy for cheapness; if you are pushing enough, you will be able to sell shoddy at a premium. When you have sold shoddy long enough, you need no longer sleep under the counter: you will have your villa in the suburbs; in time you may turn in to business on a motor-car. Business conducted in a business-like spirit always pays: have no fears; if you could have made a draper's shop pay, you will be able to make money out of literature as a business.

UNCRITICAL CRITICISM.

"Encyclopædia Biblica." Vol. II. E to K. Edited by T. K. Cheyne and J. Sutherland Black. London: Black. 1901. 20s. net.

THE "Encyclopædia Biblica" is the oracle of the most advanced scholarship of the day. No Bible Dictionary has ever been produced in this country containing so much first-rate work; the immense learning, the ingenuity, the refreshing style of the chief editor's contributions excite our admiration. To the student Professor Cheyne is always stimulating; but the particular type of criticism revealed in his work, and in many articles by his German contributors, is too experimental to be convincing. The latest phase of biblical science is characterised by an effort to extend the range of criticism so as to take in more facts, while at the same time its methods are becoming more entirely subjective and self-assured. In a note appended to Professor Wellhausen's admirable article on the Hexateuch, the editor makes the significant remark, "a purely literary criticism has had its day, and biblical archaeology and the comparative study of social customs have forced us to undertake a more searching examination of the Hexateuch, which is leading to a complication of critical problems not before dreamed of". The remark may be applied with equal truth to the historical narratives and prophecies of the Old Testament. New facts are continually coming in; the critic must keep an open mind and find a place for them. We do not for one moment deny that he must also bring his imagination to bear upon them if he wishes to produce a truthful picture of the past or do justice to what he finds in his material; but it is precisely here that there is the greatest need of caution and balance of judgment. And it is just these qualities which we miss in the particular articles we allude to.

We have grave doubts about "an imaginative reconstruction of history" supported by a free emendation of the text. Our critics have lengthened their cords, but they have not strengthened their stakes. They must forgive us if we complain that, once enticed into the region of this subjective criticism, we are left with no appeal from the verdict of the critic himself; we have no chance of testing his results; interesting and ingenious as they are, they fail to carry conviction, for all the confidence with which they are recommended.

When we turn to the subjects which involve far more serious issues than the Exodus or the History of Israel, we find our distrust amounting to open rebellion. The article "Gospels", for instance, by Professor Schmiedel of Zürich, is written with an imposing array of learning, but with a bias which seems to us the reverse of scientific. The miracles of Christ are rejected as un-historic, the narratives of the Resurrection are pronounced incredible, the words of Christ are reduced to five, or at the most nine, short sayings, and these are said to "prove that in the person of Jesus we have to do with a completely human being, and that the divine is to be sought in him only in the sense which it is capable of being found in a man". This is nothing but the crude German rationalising of fifty years ago. An event or record is pronounced impossible merely because it appears so in the close atmosphere of the German or Swiss lecture-room. But people are not so ready to cry "impossible" now as they were in the days of Baur and Strauss. The better science of our time is admitting that there are more possibilities in heaven and earth than were once imagined; and there is a growing tendency, even among the most independent scholars, to ascribe a higher value to the Evangelical sources as authentic history. Further, we protest that this style of criticism is not fair to all the facts. For example, what S. Paul implies as to the Resurrection is at least as significant as what he says. At the earliest moment for which we have evidence, say 50 A.D., we find Christians believing in a divine Christ, in His Resurrection, and in all that is involved in His unique personality. There must have been some adequate cause for a belief which has brought about such far-reaching consequences; but the article takes no account of any evidence of this kind. The same negative position is adopted in the article "Jesus"; here again, the author discusses only the evidence which makes for his own conclusion. Professor Cheyne himself writes on Faith from the odd point of view of the pious Israelite, and entirely leaves out the characteristics of the Christian doctrine; and in the most unaccountable manner discusses the theological aspect of Adoption without any mention of the teaching of S. Paul and S. John.

For ourselves we are convinced that the free and scientific study of the Bible is perfectly consistent with the Christian faith. The chief editor of this work has done distinguished service in the past for "the hallowing of criticism"; but by allowing such articles as these to appear, he seems to defeat what he used to teach us to look for as his aim. With all respect for the high standard of its scholarship, we cannot deny that the new volume of the Encyclopædia has caused us disappointment and regret.

WHITE LIBYANS.

"Libyan Notes." By David Randall-Maciver and Anthony Wilkin. London: Macmillan. 1901. 20s. net.

VISITORS to the Museum of Ghizeh must often have been surprised at the facial expressions of the mummies and sculptured portraits of the ancient Egyptians. The faces of both mummies and effigies are in many instances neither Asiatic nor African, but show traces of the character-forming influences identified with the best periods of European life. Similarly travellers in Algiers have been astonished to find white men among the native population which represents the most ancient stock of the aboriginal inhabitants; these white men being in fact the descendants of the "White Libyans" whose existence was noted with curiosity by the Greek and Roman writers. Taken together these two facts suggest a sufficient motive for the researches

which are given to the public in this volume. To be more precise, Professor Flinders Petrie and other students of Egyptian antiquities have advanced the theory that the prehistoric Egyptians (i.e. prior to the IV. dynasty) were of the same race as the white Libyans who survive in the Berbers; and the authors of "Libyan Notes" went to Algeria to collect evidence which should prove or disprove this theory. For the purpose they made very careful anthropometric observations of the Chawia and Kabyles, two Berber tribes untouched by European intercourse and undoubted descendants of the white Libyans of antiquity. The evidence thus obtained, it may be said at once, is against the theory. Shortly put, it shows that the Berbers (and therefore the Libyans), are round headed, comparable in this respect "to the ancient Germans of the Reihengräber, and to some of the mixed races of modern Europe"; whereas the prehistoric Egyptians—as shown by craniological evidence—were very long-headed, resembling "the Melanesians, Australians, Veddahs, Eskimo, and (which is much more important), the Long Barrow race of England, the prehistoric people of the Beaumes Chandes Cavern in France, and the few specimens which have been found at Lake Ladoga". The alveolar and nasal measurements indicate similar results, and the three tests taken together show in the opinion of the authors that "the prehistoric Egyptians, so far from resembling the Berbers, are strongly contrasted with them in respect of breadth of head, projection of profile, and breadth of nose". On the other hand a study of the Kabyle pottery, and a comparison of its motives and colouring with that of the prehistoric Egyptians, reveal marked similarities; and this and other evidence point to the conclusion that the prehistoric Egyptians were identical in culture, though not in race, with the white Libyans of antiquity.

The anthropometric evidence is worked out with great care, and the results obtained are arranged in an excellent system of tables. In this and other respects the book is well and freely illustrated; and a most interesting feature of the craniological evidence is a series of photographic reproductions giving the heads—full-face, side-face, and vaults—of the individual Berbers who were measured. Some of the Berber faces are startling in their resemblance to French, Italian and even English types. And so, indeed, we are told they are in real life. "The Chawia", we read on p. 29, "are generally speaking remarkably European in the appearance; many might have passed for Irishmen or Scotchmen. The boys in particular when about the age of fifteen or sixteen would, if put into similar dress, be almost indistinguishable from English lads of the same age".

Besides the anthropometric and ceramic evidence which forms the central motive of the book, the authors give an account of the political organisation, industries, and social characteristics of the Berbers, and here a great deal of matter alike interesting to the general reader and the student of anthropology is to be found. To take two items in the description of the Berber village community. It would no doubt be interesting to Mr. Arthur Balfour to read that in the Djemâa, or general assembly of the citizens, the debates are "orderly and quiet; when they are concluded the first verse of the Korân is again read and the Amin dismisses the meeting". And Mr. Leonard Courtney would be equally touched with the information that "in accordance with Kabyle custom the feeblest minority is respected". In fact "decisions are never taken by a majority of votes; and for matters of importance unanimity is required". Not only are the rights of the minority thus strictly respected but the communistic idea operates in the life of these primitive folk. "Even when not pushed to the extent of community of enjoyment", we read, "the idea of the duty of mutual assistance is never absent. A traveller who meets one of his fellow villagers in distress away from home is bound to aid him at whatever trouble or risk to himself. A man who wishes to build a house can claim the assistance of the village, which is given under an organised system of contribution". It should be noted in conclusion that the French Government have wisely allowed these Berber tribes to retain a full

measure of "home rule", only insisting that its sovereignty should be recognised in matters where the maintenance of European principles makes such recognition absolutely necessary.

PERSONALITY.

"An Essay on Personality as a Philosophical Principle." By the Rev. Wilfrid Richmond. London: Edward Arnold. 1900. 10s. 6d.

NOTHING is more characteristic of modern, as distinguished from ancient, thought than its constant occupation with the problems of personality, an idea for which the philosophy of the Hellenic world had not even a name. Also, there is perhaps no term of equal importance which is more in need of precise definition. Thus the subject of Mr. Richmond's essay must be pronounced well chosen, and it may be added that his treatment of his theme is always suggestive and sometimes admirable. In the face of much current loose talk about the worth of individuality and the cramping tyranny of social restraints, it was well worth while to insist, in language which can be understood by the general public who know nothing of the technicalities of metaphysics, on the essentially social character of true personality, and the impossibility of knowing and feeling one's self a person except in relation to a community of fellow-persons to whom one is bound by ties of duty and affection. It may however be questioned whether the author's social psychology is not just a little too simple. Of the mutual attraction between persons upon which all social relations rest he has written well and truly, but of their mutual repulsion he has little or nothing to say. Yet the repulsion seems to be no less a fact of experience than the attraction, and the piquancy, so to say, of our social existence appears largely to depend upon our consciousness of this standing contradiction. To take, for example, the case of sexual love. Mr. Richmond, so far a fair exponent of the average sentiment of the age, finds the key to all the raptures and transports of love in the joy of conscious self-surrender on the part of one person to the service of another. That the surrender exists and that the consciousness of it plays a large part in the experiences of the lover will scarcely be denied. But we may fairly ask whether the sexes would take quite the same interest in each other that they do if love did not, at the same time, involve an element of defiant self-assertion at another's cost and through another's person. There is perhaps more truth than Mr. Richmond would care to acknowledge in Blake's well-known assertion that "love seeketh only self to please", and in Nietzsche's very similar saying that love is only an incident in the everlasting war of the sexes. The full and adequate discussion of personality as a factor in experience, while doing justice, with Mr. Richmond, to the part played by social ties and duties in providing individuality with a positive content, will equally have to take into account their influence in hampering its manifestation.

One is still more tempted to part company with the author when he comes to describe the relation of human social emotion and sympathy to fine art. Indeed it is not too much to say that Mr. Richmond omits from his definition of the aesthetic emotions all that gives them their special character. Art is the record "of the emotion that belongs to man's perception and contemplation of his own life and world". This amounts to the identification of art with the expression of emotion as such, a doctrine which seems open to serious criticism. Of course if the writer only means that no form of art is absolutely without some kind of relation to human feelings and interests no one will quarrel with him. But what he has failed to see is that the expression of emotion does not become artistic until it is qualified by balance, measure and feeling for proportion. It is in these restrictions, artificial restrictions if you like to call them so, and not in the character of the emotion represented, that the distinctive quality of true art is to be sought. For instance, the art of the death scene in "Lear" does not lie in the direct appeal to human sympathy and pity. Any bungler, to quote Goethe,

could touch feeling hearts by the invention of a similar scene of grief and dissolution; the mastery of Shakespeare is shown in the skill with which he has stopped just short of the point at which our sympathy might have overpowered our sense of the fitness and artistic justice of the thing. A bungler would have sent us away with tingling nerves and no idea; Shakespeare dismisses us with feelings chastened but not harrowed, and a keen perception that "the wheel has come full circle". Nor is this a point of merely theoretical interest. When we consider the quantity of worthless stuff miscalled literature, to which the belief that any expression of emotion if only "sincere" must be artistic is yearly giving birth, we cannot insist too strongly that it is not by the test of "sincerity" merely, but by the test of proportion that the claims of the aspirant to the name of "artist" ought to be judged. To borrow a favourite image of Pindar, perhaps the most consummate artist in a world of artists, art has its pillars of Heracles, and the true artist shows his strength as well as his judgment in reaching but not passing them.

The author's account of faith in a personal Deity as supplying in the last resort satisfaction of the ineradicable desire for some personal relation between Man and Nature is a valuable and suggestive piece of religious psychology. In view of his insistence on the conviction that God returns our love as an essential factor in the religious attitude towards things it would have been interesting to have his opinion on Spinoza's famous dictum that he who truly loves God cannot desire that God should love him in return.

NOVELS.

"A Pair of Patient Lovers." By W. D. Howells. New York: Harper. 1901. 5s.

The most attractive part of this collection of short stories is their cover, which would be quite fine in a cheap way if the medallion of the author might be eliminated. That medallion and a coloured frontispiece of the same stolid unsympathetic features serve to prepare a reader for what lies before him. The most that can be said for the stories is that they are quite harmless. They arouse no interest, they advance no theories, they depict no characters, they present no memorable situations. Like some grey, sluggish stream, they proceed with unvaried monotony, ever at the same drowsy pace and of the same dull colour. The "pair of patient lovers" are an American clergyman and the daughter of a valetudinarian lady, who agrees to an engagement, but not to a marriage. After seven years of patience, the girl is thought to be dying and the mother desires that a marriage shall take place in order to save her own conscience. The marriage takes place and the girl recovers. Throughout the story, an insurance agent and his wife act as chorus, filling pages with tedious commentaries. "The pursuit of the piano" is the account of a young man who sees a girl's name on a piano and at once decides to pursue her because the name has a romantic sound. When he finds her, he discovers that she is a practical person, who dislikes her own name. So he consoles himself by marrying her most intimate friend. The hero of another story falls in love with the voice of a young lady he has never seen, and this leads to the usual commonplace developments.

"The Skirts of Happy Chance." By H. B. Marriott Watson. London: Methuen. 1901. 6s.

If King Charles II. could come to life in the present century as the second son of a marquess, he would very likely behave like the hero of Mr. Marriott Watson's stories. That hero has a freshness, a cynicism and an engaging impudence, which are admirably portrayed; the fantastic adventures, which Happy Chance persistently offers him, are very ingeniously imagined: so that a reader is amused and surprised at every page. Reduced to dramatic form, each chapter would bring down the house as a curtain-raiser. The drawback of the book is that all the characters, except the hero, are restricted to their several chapters, often leaving our curiosity ungratified. And the clever illustrator has not always taken the trouble to study his author. In one

place he depicts a coachman seated on the box with the reins in his hands, while the text has it that "the coachman had come down from his box and appeared before the door . . . putting a finger mechanically to the snow that was on his hat". Good stories need no brush, but if a brush be used it should at any rate express itself with accuracy.

"Ever Mohun." By Fred T. Jane. Macqueen. 6s.

There is oddness about this novel. It is supposed to be written by an old Devonshire postman, but beyond an occasional "thickey" there is not much dialect to trouble the reader's soul. The Mohuns were an animated set of people. The strongest impression they leave is that life can never have been very safe in their immediate neighbourhood. "Ever" is the curious name of the daughter of the house. She is the centre of a tender and idyllic love-affair, to which the rest of the book is an effective background. Here is the charming little bit that ends the story. "And Ever and Mr. Tom went down across the orchard the other way, Ever singing as she went that foolish little song of hers:—

'Will thee be to me as Joseph to our Lady ever blest? Sweetheart, dost thee see me coming now?

With the elder in my hair; God send thee think me fair:

Will thee love me ever, sweetheart: and love me of the best?'

'Ever, please God,' said Mr. Tom."

"A Forbidden Name." By Fred. Whishaw. London: Chatto and Windus. 1901. 6s.

This is a story of the Court of Catherine the Great. The forbidden name is the name of the real heir to the throne, who is concealed in a dungeon, and supposed to be a monstrosity or imbecile. The idea is that the imbecile was the foster-brother of the real Tsar, substituted for him by a devoted nurse, and that the Tsar lived, imprisoned, but not in a dungeon, and a healthy and handsome youth. The story is supposed to be written by the girl who loved him, and worked for his release. It is well told, full of spirit, and the fighting parts are nothing if not realistic.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Travels in Western Australia." By May Vivienne. London: Heinemann. 1901. 15s. net.

A record of travel which is almost devoid of adventure, in a country which is devoid of a past, must be especially well written to attract readers who have no particular interest in the locality. Miss May Vivienne makes no pretence to literary quality, but her book is distinctly above the average of such works. It is neither an emigration tract nor an elaborate puff of Westralian gold mines, though the advantages the country offers to settlers and the potentialities of the mines naturally are constantly in evidence throughout her pages. The volume derives such charm as it possesses from the writer's devotion to all objects of natural beauty, and those who imagine that Western Australia is an arid desert will be agreeably surprised by her description of its scenery, its forests, its flowers and its agricultural resources. The book is profusely illustrated.

"Leaves from a Journal in the East." By Julia Smith. London: Russell. 1901. 6s.

The journal is the result of a year's travel in Ceylon, Bengal, Burma and other parts of India. It contains some interesting information about the industries of Ceylon. Tea-making is now by far the most important occupation in the island. "The leaves are picked all the year round every seven or nine days, so quickly does it grow. The difference in the quality of teas (which vary from broken Pekoe to Pekoe-Souchong) comes from the various soils and leaves, the same tree giving all the varieties of the herb." The present pay of the Ceylon coolie varies from fivepence to sixpence a day, and men women and even little children are all engaged in the work. The language of the coolie is described as "unspeakable, unthinkable and untranslatable, for Westerners."

"Switzerland and the Adjacent Portions of Italy, Savoy, and Tyrol." By Karl Baedeker. Leipzig: Baedeker; London: Dulau and Co. 1901. 8 m.

This is the nineteenth edition of an invaluable handbook. In Germany the work has run into no less than twenty-nine editions. Its five hundred pages are packed with an enormous quantity of information brought up to date, and its maps would not do discredit even to our own admirable Ordnance Survey Department.

"A Treatise on Medical Jurisprudence." By George Vivian Poore. London: Murray. 1901. 12s. net.

This book consists of lectures delivered at University College. The subjects with which it deals are on that fascinating border-

land of law and medicine which is equally attractive to the lawyer and the medical man. It is admirably adapted to meet the wants of the ordinary practitioner of both learned professions, and is one of the most interesting books we have seen on medical jurisprudence. The layman, too, the non-professional in either science, may find reading which throws much light on facts which are constantly appearing in connexion with cases in the law courts, and will enable him to follow more intelligently trials for murder or questions of insanity in connexion with wills and other such matters which are often very important to the student of the facts of our social life. We may also recommend the book to novelists who often go wrong in their treatment of medical and legal facts and expose themselves unnecessarily to the ridicule of readers who are better informed than themselves.

"The Workmen's Compensation Act, 1897." By R. T. Thomson. London: Effingham Wilson. 1901. 2s. 6d. net.

Mr. Thomson discusses with much ability the actual working of the Act and founds upon it an argument which is irresistible for its extension to all trade accidents. He shows that the restrictions which were justifiable when the Act was in the stage of experiment have given rise to a great mass of litigation which in future it is desirable to avoid in the interests of employers and workmen alike. Mr. Thomson's exposure of the absurdities of the Act, which are simply a consequence of the timidity with which it was introduced, shows that while the principle of the Act is beneficial and its application marks one of the most important stages in industrial development a further advance on the same lines is absolutely necessary.

"Ruling Cases." By Robert Campbell. Vols. XXIII.-XXIV. London: Stevens and Sons, Limited. 1901. 25s. net each.

Volume XXIII. of "Ruling Cases" includes amongst others the subjects of Relief to the Able-bodied Poor including the important case of Attorney-General v. Guardians of Merthyr Tydvil which arose out of relief paid to workmen on strike; cases as to Estate and Succession Duty; as to Riparian Proprietors and those relating to the extensive subject of Sale of Foods. The rest of the volume which comprises 853 pages deals with the subjects of Collisions at Sea of the Rights of Persons on the Sea-shore and the Rights and Liabilities of Owners in regard to Sea-walls. Vol. XXIV. includes the important decision as to solicitors' liability and solicitor's lien.

"The Rules and Usages of the Stock Exchange." By G. Herbert Stutfield. Third edition. London: Effingham Wilson. 1901. 6s. net.

It is really unnecessary to say anything more of Mr. Stutfield's able, learned and standard work than that it has been brought up to date in this third edition. The book is unique and has no rivals. It is as valuable to the advising lawyer as to the stockbroker and others who have to do with transactions on the Stock Exchange either on their own account or in the capacity of advisers.

MILITARY BOOKS.

"The Rifle Brigade Chronicle for 1900. Centenary Number." Edited by Lieut.-Colonel Willoughby Verner. London: John Bale, Sons and Danielsson. 1901.

The famous Rifle Brigade completes its centenary this year, and the volume before us sings a psalm appropriate to the event. With it is issued a little pamphlet on skirmishing which cannot be said to appear quite so opportunely. For surely it is somewhat late in the day for our soldiers to learn skirmishing? It is however unfortunately a fact that no instructions on what is a duty of first importance appear in our infantry drill books, and that while our officers and men have been enjoined to do such things as screen and reconnoitre they have never been taught how to do them. Not at least by our War Office. Therefore some officers of the Rifle Brigade have come forward to supply the deficiency. The tradition of the corps encourages such unofficial efforts, for the rifleman is the product of self-help. Rifles were anathema to many of the military big-wigs a hundred years ago, while the Rifle Corps on its first formation was regarded but "as a pretty plaything". A hundred years hence people will scarcely believe that quick-firing guns were so regarded by some potentates before the war in South Africa, and that ponderous jackboots and cavalry sabres are still considered a serviceable equipment for our gunners. But a hundred years ago campaigns so crowded on one another that there was no going to sleep between them, and the experiences of active service were iconoclastic as regards prejudices and mere theories. In all the operations of the Peninsular war for which honours were awarded save one only the Riflemen were engaged. When the tardy medal made its appearance in 1848, a survivor was found to wear fourteen clasps. With the 43rd and the 52nd, they formed the Light Division which Crauford so often led to victory, and with the other famous regiments they secured themselves a reputation which has lasted ever since. And now this centenary number can add to the regimental wreath laurel upon laurel plucked from the weary war in South Africa. No

battalion did its duty more patiently and unflinchingly during the siege of Ladysmith than did the 2nd battalion of the Rifle Brigade, while one of the most brilliant feats of arms that graced the protracted struggle was the night sortie of five of its companies and destruction of the Boer howitzer on Surprise Hill. Here we have a little volume that must appeal to officers and men alike, with enough history for the ante-room and enough news and incident for the barrack-room. It reflects much credit on its editor and contributors, and is worthy of the "Greenjackets".

"The Derbyshire Campaign Series." "The Crimea" by Major Wyllie. "Central India" by General Sir Julius Raines. "Sikkim Expedition of 1888" by Captain Iggulden. "Tirah Campaign" by Captain Slessor. London: Sonnenschein. 1900. 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.

The Derbyshire Regiment is to be congratulated on a new departure. Regimental history, as distinct from mere regimental records, has too long been neglected in our army. It is true that most regiments possess regimental records. The 2nd Derbyshire Regiment, or the old 95th, has made a determined effort to remedy this defect. Realising the beneficial influence which a knowledge of previous regimental achievements must exercise over young soldiers, various officers have compiled accounts of campaigns in which the regiment has taken part. It can hardly be expected that such works—prepared in the main by regimental officers without literary experience—should possess much literary value. But all are written in good plain language within the comprehension of even the most ignorant. The "Crimea" volume is chiefly noticeable on account of an introduction by Sir J. F. Maurice, while the story of the Mutiny is well told by an eye-witness—Sir Julius Raines. The Sikkim campaign is perhaps too much drawn out. Captain Slessor's excellent account of the Tirah campaign has the advantage of containing a preface from the pen of that brilliant soldier and interesting writer, Sir Reginald Hart—some time director of military education in India. A graphic description is given of the hardships faced, and the difficulties overcome. At the time the nation had little idea of the magnitude of the task, and how tremendous alone was the work of the transport. This no doubt in a large measure accounts for the somewhat scanty recognition Sir William Lockhart's work received at the hands of the British public. It was a campaign carried into an unknown country, and conducted against one of the finest rough fighters in the world. Indeed the Afridi is in some ways more formidable than the Boer. For the former occasionally does attack, although in the main his attentions are confined to retreating rearguards.

"War Impressions." Being a Record in Colour, by Mortimer Menpes. Transcribed by Dorothy Menpes. London: Black. 1901. 20s. net.

It would have been in every way better if Mr. Menpes had rested content with the reproduction of his excellent sketches in South Africa. The temptation to pose as an author and critic of the war was however too great and hence it comes that we are inflicted with some 250 pages alike incoherent in expression and destitute of plan. As the accredited representative of an illustrated weekly paper, he shows a needless degree of contempt for his brother war correspondents, albeit their manners and customs were apparently none of the pleasantest. He is convinced that the main reason of the failure of British officers to adapt themselves better to the peculiar conditions of South African warfare is due to their slavish reverence for the Red Book—the capitals are Mr. Menpes'. What particular "red book" he alludes to is uncertain, but it appears to have acted like a red rag to a bull in his case and afforded occasions for deprecatory remarks on our officers. We confess we have never yet met the types of British officer who accompanied Mr. Menpes to the Cape and whom he describes as spending the entire voyage with "noses glued to the Red Book". It is a fair sample of the author's powers of observation and qualifications as a critic. General Pole-Carew is somewhat cruelly fathered with several painfully old anecdotes anent the thieving propensities of a London Militia corps. These tales, in Mr. Menpes' opinion, were "brilliant", "entertaining", and "excellent". He is at least easily pleased. Of course, every private soldier is a "Tommy", and so much does Mr. Menpes revel in that elegant epithet that he is loth to make use of pronouns, when speaking of our soldiers.

"How to Check a Pay List. Letters to a Young Officer Soldiers' Settlements and Paymasters' Advances." Captain G. W. Redway. London: Kegan Paul. 1901. 2s. 6d.

A most praiseworthy effort to explain the intricacies of the shameful system of accounts inflicted on our officers by a pedantic and unbusinesslike coterie of civilians at the War Office. The mere fact that it requires some eighty pages of small print for an admitted expert like Captain Redway to explain the "system" on which our soldiers' accounts is based is of itself sufficiently significant. The recent inquiry into War Office ways unanimously condemned this system and declared

that it gave excessive and unnecessary work and was a source of much needless trouble and misunderstanding among the men. When we mention that Army Form N. 1505 contains over forty columns, each of which has to be filled in every month with regard to every soldier borne on the strength, as well as nine intricate forms, about none of which is any official explanation vouchsafed, it will be readily understood that Captain Redway's attempt to shed some light on the subject is thoroughly justified. We trust that before long the whole system of soldiers' accounts may be simplified and that Army Form N. 1505 may be relegated to the "Chamber of Horrors" (or its equivalent) in our Record Office so as to afford our descendants some idea of this monstrous product of civil misrule of our army at the commencement of the twentieth century.

"The Regimental Records of the British Army." By J. S. Farmer. 10s. 6d.

"The Rifle Brigade" and "The Northumberland Fusiliers." By W. Wood. London: Grant Richards. 1901. 3s. 6d.

The publication of works on regimental history does good to the army in many ways. But for the production of the first two of these books on the subject, there surely could have been no necessity whatever. The yearly army lists provide practically all the information which Mr. Farmer has vouchsafed us; and they have the additional advantage of being accurate, a height to which "Regimental Records" does not invariably attain. It is certainly unpardonable that in a book published in 1901 no notice should have been taken of some of the new battalions which were raised last year. A slight examination of even one of the monthly army lists published during the past year would—for the modest outlay of eighteenpence—have told Mr. Farmer that the 3rd and 4th battalions of the Manchester Regiment are not Militia, but two of the new line battalions recently raised. As regards "The Rifle Brigade," there is—in Mr. Wood's own words—probably no regiment that "has more complete records than the Rifle Brigade, or can reckon among its ranks more officers and men who have from time to time handed down the deeds of the regiment".

"Practical Hints for Mounted Infantrymen." By Lieut. B. L. Anley, 1st Essex Regiment. London: Gale and Polden. 1901. 6d.

A useful little pamphlet by an officer who served as adjutant of a mounted infantry corps in South Africa. It purposes to confine its scope to information on the matter of kits both of officers and men, but contains some very sensible remarks on horse-management, which it would be well if every mounted infantry soldier would take to heart. We would however like to have seen even greater stress laid on the importance of mounted infantrymen dismounting whenever possible, so as to ease their horses. There are some useful remarks on rough sketching, although the author in his diagrams adopts the foolish method of indicating yards by the symbol X. This is a lazy habit inculcated by some "crammers" who seem to be forgetful of the fact that an X has already three if not four accepted meanings and that to use it thus in a military sketch only tends to unnecessary confusion.

"How to Keep Fit." By Surgeon-Captain Waite. 3d.
 "Skirmishing Made Easy." By Major Witherby. 6d.
 "Guide to Civil Employment." By Colonel Handley. 4d.
 Gale and Polden. 1900.

Three more of this enterprising publisher's useful little books. The first contains a number of sound, though homely, hints. The second tells us little but what is already to be found in the official drill book. The author's contention that section commanders and buglers should be acquainted with the semaphore system of signalling has much to recommend it, and could be carried out without much difficulty. The "Guide to Civil Employment" should afford the discharged soldier much useful information. In a voluntary army that question is one of especial importance, since the doubt as to obtaining subsequent employment is at present one of the chief bars to recruiting.

"Military Law Made Easy." By Major Banning. 9s. 6d.;
 "Practical Military Sketching." By C. F. Vander Byl. London: Gale and Polden. 1901. 3s. 6d.

Major Banning speaks with unusual authority on his subject, for he is a barrister as well as a military expert. Military law is certainly an easy subject. It is all codified, and compressed into a comparatively small compass. Still it undoubtedly must present difficulties, since so many works of this nature continue to appear. The one in question at any rate is well done. As regards "Practical Military Sketching," it is a most painstaking work, which gives a very fair idea of the subject in a small space.

"The Manual of Drill and Wand Exercises with and without Music." Compiled and arranged by Thomas Chesterton. London: Gale and Polden. 1s.

This is a useful book by the author of the "Manual of Free and Dumb-Bell Exercises," which is in use at all our army

schools. The object of it is to introduce a regular system of wand exercises for boys and girls at Evening Continuation Schools, &c. The instructions are simple and adequate and the various positions are well illustrated by photographs. Colonel Fox, the well-known Inspector of Gymnasias, contributes a preface in which he expresses his entire approval of the system.

"Boxing." By Captain Edgeworth Johnstone. London: Gale and Polden. 1901. 2s. 6d.

Captain Johnstone is known as a famous boxer; and what is more he is able to turn his experience into a practical form by presenting to us a most interesting and well-written treatise on the subject. He is wise in calling attention to the fact that "no amount of science can compensate for the lack of hitting power". The beginner as a rule neglects this elementary necessity; and, disliking the drudgery of the business, wants at once to proceed to loose play.

"Drill-book for the Royal Irish Constabulary." By C. H. Rafter. London: Gale and Polden. 1900. 2s.

Evidently much trouble has been taken in attempting to simplify matters of drill. But drill now-a-days is very easy; and we should have thought that it was too simple to need the elaborate and ingenious explanations contained in the chapter entitled "Company Drill Systematised".

"Aids to Manœuvre Duties." By an Adjutant. London: Gale and Polden. 1900. 6d.

A convenient little handbook, containing the passages in the "Queen's Regulations" and the "Infantry Drill" which bear on the subject. To officers of the auxiliary forces it should prove especially useful.

ITALIAN LITERATURE.

Morgana: Nuove Poesie. By Arturo Graf. Milan: Treves. 1901. Lire 4.

The past two months have not been fruitful in notable Italian books. The most notable, to our mind, is this new book of poems by Arturo Graf. After Carducci and d'Annunzio (Boito stands on a pedestal of his own; Pascoli is over-rated; the sacred fire flickers but faintly now in "Stecchetti") comes Graf, and if people speak of him as a "minor poet", that is but a popular judgment. The son of a German father and an Italian mother, born at Athens and nurtured in Roumania, here is a concatenation of circumstances calculated to produce originality. And Graf is very original indeed. But he is a pessimist, and pessimism (in Italy at all events) is an obstacle to popularity. Not but what his pessimism, like that of Leopardi, has been a good deal exaggerated, and is perhaps in process of modification: we trace a distinct note of hope in the present volume, as for instance in the beautiful little "Explicit" in which he sings of the bitterness of heart with which the faithlessness of others fills him, but also of the great hope that is born in him because no fault of his has ever gone unchastised. A singular sentiment in the song of a pessimist! The form and the polish of Graf's poetry often come near perfection: we rather suspect him of being the slave of form, but this is an instinctive judgment unsupported by a title of evidence. Very striking is the "Song of an Old Cathedral" in which its columns and tombs, its sculptured and pictured angels, the demons of its capitals, its gargoyles, its images of prophets, apostles, martyrs, anchorites and sainted kings, its clock and crosses and bells, all sing their say, making the old place live. Very striking too is "Il Riposo dei Dannati", inspired by a pious belief of the Middle Ages that the souls of the damned were allowed to rest from their tortures every Saturday to Monday. The scene opens late on a Sunday night as dawn, and with the dawn a return to torment, is fast approaching, and the poet has made their wild talk exceedingly dramatic. Italian passion cast into an Hellenic mould and dominated by Teutonic ratiocinative powers—these seem to us the essential characteristics of this highly original poet and thinker.

Studi di Leopardiani. By Giovanni Mestica. Florence: Le Monnier. 1901. Lire 4.

Professor Giovanni Mestica has long been known to us as one of the chief and most accurate authorities on Leopardi. Nor have his writings on the great poet, scattered in the periodical press or presented in pamphlet form, been unknown to us. These writings are now conveniently collected together in a stout volume of 646 pages. To say that we welcome the volume were a mild expression: it is indeed indispensable to the student of Giacomo Leopardi. Or should there be any who could be content with a mere "idea" of Leopardi, let him read the first essay aptly called, with all brevity, "Giacomo Leopardi": so clear is it, so full and yet so concise (tabular, we had almost called it, in its completeness and perfect arrangement), so vivid and veracious,—we do not ever remember to have seen a great genius more fully and efficaciously treated in 46 octavo pages. It is an excellent introduction to the longer essays which follow. Of these the most important and the longest (136 pages) deals with the loves of Leopardi (Continued on page 216.)

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Minime. By Antonio Fogazzaro. Milan: Aliprandi. 1901. Lire 3.50.

The modesty of the title should, we suppose, disarm some criticism: very small and slight indeed, and often very trifling, are the articles, speeches, pensées and lyrics of which this volume is made up. Frankly—so great is our admiration for the distinguished author—we wish it had never been given to the world. The publisher and a "friend" are to blame for this indiscretion, and we cannot but regard them both as very culpable busybodies. No writer of the present day is sufficiently great to allow his portfolios, or the back numbers of ephemerides to which he has contributed, to be ransacked for traces of his handiwork—even a de Maistre has been caught nodding in the recesses of his note-books. Here we have speeches scarce a page long; articles of a page and a half; the very pensées of twelve lines need a page to themselves; there are moreover a number of blank pages. Altogether there is an uncomfortable sense of clumsily managed padding about the book, and to us it speaks chiefly of the author's limitless good nature in allowing it to be published. But the first essay on the Kalevala or Finnish national epic is fine and solid, and deserves a better fate than to be ranked in a collection of "Minime".

I Fioretti di Sancto Franciescho. Edited by Luigi Manzoni. Rome: Loescher. 1900. Lire 6.

There was really no need for this edition of the "Fioretti", and but for the great popularity of that mediæval gem, we should scarcely have called attention to it in a conspectus of Italian literature which must perforce be brief. This edition is taken from a codex of the Palatine Library (now forming part of the Biblioteca Nazionale di Florence) which was copied by Fra Amaretto Manelli in 1396. It contains only the fifty-three chapters of the "Fioretti" proper and the five "considerazioni" on the Stigmata; the lives of Fra Ginepro and Fra Egidio together with the memorable sayings of the latter which are to be found in all modern editions are, in accordance with fifteenth century practice, omitted from the present volume. The barbarous original spelling has been retained, and this of itself makes the book a quite impossible trial of patience to the general reader, while neither Count Manzoni's brief preface nor the transcript of the codex are of particular value to the scholar. The standard editions of the "Fioretti" such as those of Buonarrotti or Antonio Cesari are the result of collation: here we have in print an uncollated version just as it was copied by a fourteenth century scribe. It is this which distinguishes the present edition from all others, though we must confess that we regard its usefulness as trifling. But if ever there were need of an edition of a standard work which shall at the same time be critical and popular, it is of the famous "Fioretti di San Francesco". M. Paul Sabatier has long ago promised us such an edition; it has long been announced by the Librairie Fischbacher as "en préparation". We know that M. Sabatier's hands are very full, but we sincerely trust that it may not be much longer ere he gives to the world a much needed work which he is eminently fitted to undertake.

Da Ronsard a Rostand. By Guido Menasci. Florence: Le Monnier. 1901. Lire 2.

Signor Menasci has collected together under a happy title, a number of his interesting essays on French literature, all of them neat in workmanship and writ in very choice Italian. The book opens with a chapter on Roger de Collerye; we have chapters on Joachim du Bellay at Rome, the "Société Précieuse" of the seventeenth century, "Un Amore di Maurizio di Sassonia" in the eighteenth, and in the nineteenth essays on Pierre de Nolhac, Henri de Regnier, Albert Samain, some recent French poetesses, and finally a well-balanced estimate of L'Aiglon. Signor Menasci has an abundance of erudition; he writes well; and so it follows that his papers prove both profitable and pleasurable.

Silvano. By Orazio Grandi. Milan: Treves. 1901. Lire 3.

This is a collection of short stories the first of which gives its title to the book. The author is new to us, but that may argue ourselves unknown. He has the gift in quite a pleasant form of describing naturally scenes from country life. Such a gift, however, forms but a slender equipment for a writer of

short stories. One of them indeed "L'Angela dei Mulini" is clearly written and has a straightforward narrative, but most of them are hazy and overloaded with objectionable sentiment. Candidly, we have found the whole book vague, dull and monotonous.

Piccole Storie del Mondo Grande. By Alfredo Panzini. Milan: Treves. 1901. Lire 3.50.

Of a very different calibre is the present collection of stories, for it is an entirely delightful book. It has originality, real humour, sharply drawn characters, fine observation, just reasonable and commonsense views about the present condition of things in Italy, and a cheery agreeable lovingkindness towards the children of men in general. We need not to be told that the author is young: the freshness of youth is one of the charms of the book. Signor Panzini has not been writing long; he has here collected nine short stories and one long travel sketch, and of each piece it may be said that one is more charming than the other. Laughter and tears lie very close in some of these stories, but the humour is old, and the pathos free from all hysteria. The author has a pretty gift of delicate irony, not yet quite under proper control if the truth must be told, but in him that has proved a virtue for we have enjoyed the occasional naive misuses of irony as contributing most strongly to the youthful freshness of the book. Signor Panzini has struck a distinctly new note in modern Italian fiction: he is natural; he is wholesome; his taste is always unexceptional; unlike the majority of his fellows, he treats questions of sex with restraint and reserve; he is free from all fulsome adulation of the present: and though there are delicately ironical little digs at the Church, he is removed by a hemisphere from the brazen vulgarity of the modern priest-eater (mangiaprete). Alfredo Panzini has gone far in the present volume to claim a high place for himself in literature: we shall be surprised if his next book does not lift him, at a bound, into the very front rank of Italian writers of fiction.

For This Week's Books see page 218.

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EUROPEAN PETROLEUM.

THE ordinary general meeting of the European Petroleum Company, Limited, was held on August 9 at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C., under the presidency of Mr. H. Pike Pease, M.P. (the chairman of the company).

The Secretary (Mr. John Clark) having read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditors.

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report, balance-sheet, and profit and loss account, expressed the great regret which the board felt at the sad and sudden death of Mr. Laing, whose business capacity and real worth were well known to all who came in contact with him. He thought he was justified in saying that the result of the work during the past year was not altogether unsatisfactory, considering the great drop which had taken place in the price of petroleum. The gross profits for the year amounted to £142,916 7s. 4d. The interest on debentures, &c., was £30,795 19s. 11d., and the depreciation account, which, according to the provisions of the trust deed, had been used to purchase debentures, had taken up £30,807 19s. 10d. The reason why that amount was less than the amount of the debentures purchased was that the debentures were bought at a less price than par. The directors have thought it wise to place to a wells renewal account £10,000, which makes a total depreciation of £40,807 19s. 10d. From the total sum should be deducted the dividend on the preference shares at the rate of 7½ per cent. per annum—namely, £16,341 1s. 4d., paid on January 1, 1901, and £19,639 6s. 5d., paid on July 1 last. That left available for distribution £35,331 15s. 10d., and the directors propose to write off the whole of the expenses of the debenture issue, &c., amounting to £3,636 18s. 4d., and to pay a dividend of 5 per cent. on the ordinary shares, absorbing £27,500, leaving a balance of £4,194 17s. 6d. to be carried forward. The amount of production during the year was considerably more than was foreshadowed in the prospectus, and he was glad also to be able to say that they had started the new year well. The total production for the twelve weeks of the new year was 4,083,931 pounds, or 65,839 tons—a very large increase on the production for the corresponding period of last year. They had every reason to believe that there would be a considerable increase in the production during this half-year, and a further increase in the subsequent six months. Taking the results as a whole, he considered they were very satisfactory. At Baku, the main source from which their dividend was earned, they were extending as far as possible their operations, and at the present time were boring to new wells. They had not had many fountains, but they had one intermittent fountain, which had considerably increased the production of that district. The directors were taking energetic measures to obtain additional boring rights from the Russian Government, and had been, on the whole, well pleased with the results of their efforts. The present price of crude oil at Baku is 7½ copecks per pood, or less than 10s. per ton. In Roumania the price was 25s. per ton, and in America about 26s. per ton. It was obvious that the price at Baku was abnormally low, and he personally thought it should increase during the next few months, though he could not hold out any hope from his own point of view that the price was likely to rise to the high figure at which it stood during part of last year. The explanation of the fall was that transport facilities from Baku to Batoum, on the Black Sea, were insufficient. Oil produced at Baku and used in Russia was shipped direct across the Caspian and up the Volga; but Baku oil intended for any other country must be conveyed overland some 600 miles to the Black Sea. The capacity of a single line of railway from Baku to Batoum was very limited. They practically sell at the present time the whole of their crude oil to the refineries in Russia. It is estimated that the total Russian production in 1900 exceeded that of America, whilst the amount exported from Russia was less than one-half that exported from America. It was clear that Russia was prevented from contributing her share of the supply of the world's markets simply by this transport difficulty. As a result of this, Russia must herself consume five-sixths of the Baku production, and this, when trade was depressed, as it had been for some time past, she failed to do. Manufacturing concerns, especially ironworks, in Russia are largely dependent on Government orders, as all the railways are in the hands of the Government. When the Russian Exchequer is well supplied with funds orders are plentiful; but for some time past they had been scarce. He would say that, as far as the use of petroleum in Russia was concerned, they had reason to believe, from reports received from various sources, that it would be much more extensively used in the future than it has been in the past. A great benefit, in addition to cost, when the price was low, was the simplicity of manipulation, which decreased the amount of labour required. He understood that the Admiralty at the present time were making a considerable number of experiments with regard to petroleum on men-of-war, destroyers, and other ships, and he believed, also, that a great many experiments had been made by the German, Italian, and American Governments. In conclusion, he hoped next year the directors might have a very satisfactory result to place before them. He moved: "That the directors' report, balance-sheet, and accounts submitted to this meeting be, and the same are hereby, approved and adopted."

Mr. J. S. Barwick seconded the motion, which was then put and carried unanimously.

The Chairman next moved: "That the separate accounts from the company's books at Baku, of the company's operations in Russia, submitted to this meeting, be, and the same are hereby, approved and adopted." He explained that the Russian Government required these extra accounts, and therefore it was necessary to pass such a resolution.

Mr. J. Howard Fox seconded the motion, which was unanimously agreed to.

The Chairman also moved: "That the payments of dividends on the preference shares at the rate of 7½ per cent. per annum, on January 1, 1901, and July 1, 1901, respectively be, and the same are hereby, confirmed."

This was seconded by Mr. Alfred Fowler and carried unanimously.

It was further resolved, on the motion of the Chairman, seconded by Lieut.-Col. English, to declare a dividend at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum on the ordinary shares for the year ended May 13 last.

A vote of thanks to the Chairman terminated the proceedings.

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